

T H E
Female Secretary:
O R,
Choice new LETTERS.

Wherein each degree of *Women*
may be accommodated with
Variety of *Presidents* for the expres-
sing themselves *aptly* and *handsomly*
on any Occasion proper to their *Sex*.

With *Plain*, yet more *Exact* and *Per-
tinent* Rules and Instructions for the
Inditing and *Directing* Letters in general,
than any Extant.

By *HENRY CARE*, Translator of
FEMALE PRE-EMINENCE.

——— *Scribere iussit Amor.*

LONDON, Printed by *Thomas Ratcliffe*,
and *Mary Daniel*, for *Henry Million*,
at the *Bible* in *Fleet Street*. 1671.

F. H. B.

For the year 1899

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THE PREFACE.



N Epistle to the Reader before a Book of Letters, would probably seem as grand an Absurdity, as Mettal upon Mettal in Heraldry; And truly, I am glad I have got so fair an Excuse to avoid that troublesom Complement, which Custom, and the Stationer would else have exacted; The rather for that I scarce ever knew those

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welcoming Addresses attain their End, which is to Guard their trembling *Authors* from the Lashes of *Censure* ; For still the remorseless Readers will go on condemning (if the *Toy* but take them 'ith head) as *furiously* as if they had never been *suppled* with those Oyly Flatteries of *Courteous, Candid, and Ingenious*.

For Publishing the present *Pamphlet* , the Author (if he thought himself oblig'd to give the world any Account) could produce Forty *weighty* Reasons ; (besides those *hackney* ones, importunity of Friends, and the good of the Publick.) As *first*, the natural *Itch* of Scribbling, common

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common to the Age; *Secondly*, The pleasing *vanity* of seeing his *Name* (and *Picture* too if he could have got it,) in the Front of a Book for Folk to gaze at on a Stall; *Thirdly*, The *refreshing* Profit of the Copy; But this design the *Over-reach-Stationer*, commonly renders Abortive; *Fourthly*, How doth any body know, but that he writ it at the Command of a *Mistress*, who had (with our Modern Poetesses) resolv'd to own it her self; till on a second Reading she grew *asham'd* on't; Or *Fifthly*, perhaps he hath a design to ingratiate himself with some small Damofel, who he thinks can never have the heart
to

The Preface.

to flight the Amour of a *Man in Print*; Or, 6.— But to reckon up all, would put the Readers to at least *Two pence* charge extraordinary; Let them satisfy themselves, He did it for divers good Causes & Considerations; and now 'tis abroad, he cannot help it, if the Town-wit fling it away with a horrible Curse, 'cause 'tis not furnisht with one *Obscene Jest* to gratify his Humour, Or if the *English Monsieur* (that hath travail'd to add *Forreign Vanities* to his natural Folly) be vext he cannot meet here any of his new-Imported Words, for which he values himself, no less than if he had found out the *North-west-passage*;

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sage; 'Tis highly probable the serious *well-read Gentleman* may bring in an Indictment of Felony, and protest by his *Tooth-Pick*, that the Composer of this Fardle, hath only *Filch'd* scraps up and down, and stuck them in herè together like Pins in a Cushionet, which the shameless *Pilferer* hath almost the Impudence to justify, alledging, that *Loveday & Balzaack* being dead, he may lawfully seize on their Books, since their Lands, which are immoveables, are not now without *Owners*; Besides, in our active *Lifting Age*, *Wit-stealers*, may fairly hope to be allow'd the favour of the Book.

But

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But to make all sure, he solemnly appeals by these presents from all Bearded Judges, and submits only to the Tribunal of the Fairer Sex; At their Honoured feet he flings himself, and this confused Pacquet, hoping they will imitate Heavens Mercy no less than they do its other *Excellencies*; He is not blown up to that pitch of Vanity to think these *pitiful Presidents* can be of any use to Ladies of Noble Birth and Education, the slightest of their extemporary discourses he acknowledges do infinitely excel his most studied expressions; 'Tis enough if he can order affairs so, as the waiting Gentlewoman

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may henceforwards be converted from her Idolatrous poring on the Academy, and the *Chambermaid* not suffer a *Non-plus*, when the Chaplain assaults her with his Rhetorick Epistle. For the assistance of such kind Souls, (of whom some perhaps may formerly have particularly obliged him.) he hath composed these Forms of *Letters* on the variety of the most usual occasions; yet hopes the Crime will be but Venial; If He have not here Copied *Every* Womans mind, since there are so many of them that scarce know their *Own*.

H. C.



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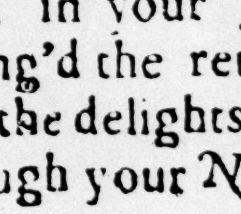
The



THE
Female Secretary.

*A Letter of Advice from a discreet Country
Gentlewoman, to her Niece newly removed
to London.*

Dearest Niece !

 Our long expected Letter ever joy'd us with the welcom News of your safe Arrival; who before not only Languisht for want of your facetious Company, but were very apprehensive of some disaster that might befall you in your Journey; You have now chang'd the retirements of a *Rural solitude* for the delights of a *City conversation*; And though your *Natural Inclinations* to virtue.

B improv'd

improv'd by an excellent *Education*, secure us from all fears of your straying into any *By-paths* different from the road of *Honour*; Yet allow my Love the liberty, to give some Cautionary advice, which though *unnecessary* or *impertinent*, yet I know will not be *unwelcom*, since it proceeds from one who no less passionately desires *your* welfare than her own; And *first*, let me charge you to secure your *Nobler* part, *Anker* your Soul on him who is the *Rock of Ages* by living *here*, in a firm belief and expectation of a *life hereafter*. And though outwardly you make no great *Noise* or *cracklings* of Zeal, yet keep your Heart ever under the *awful Guard* of Religion, and be *internally* devout and precise; This will afford you more *real* Joyes, and of a more *Sublime* and *exalted* Nature, than all the gross *Corporeal* delights wherewith the Sences are affected, and in comparison of *which* the most ravishing pleasures which the world prostitutes to greatest favourites, are *foul and fulsom*, Objects fitter for disdain than desire; Improve your Interest and Amity with Virtue, and retain still the complexion of *Lillies* in your innocence, and *Roses* in your Modesty. For if these once be but in the least *blasted*; That water is as difficultly obtained as the *Philosophers stone*, that can restore their Lustre. Let your *Carriage* be

a stranger both to *Pride* and *Peevishness*, ever winning and attractive, ready to oblige all the world, and loath to displease any, so shall you engage even Incivility it self to treat you civilly, and by a sweet violence erect a *Throne* for your self in the *Hearts* of all you converse with, to which purpose, part not with a *Grain* of that pleasant Temper, and *Gayety* of humour which makes your company so eagerly courted; for there is nothing so happy in this *unhappy World*, as those *calm Souls* that can make *unforc'd smiles* shine through a *harmless jollity*; Those considerable advantages of *Beauty* and *Fortune*, which Heaven hath enricht you with, will soon attract you many real *Servants*, and more pretened *Adorers*, And (no doubt) you will find the *brisk assails* of an *Oily-tongu'd Courtier*, much more formidable than the faint *Batteries* of a *Country Squire*, yet let not their *curious language* or *tempting carriage* charm you into a belief of their sincerity. But consider, That those Gallants use the same endearing expressions to all they visit; *Flames*, *darts Passion*, *pierced hearts*, and such like *Amorous Martyrdoms* being as natural to them as fire to a *Salamander*, and like that strange creature too, amidst all this heat they have the cunning to keep themselves from being so much as sing'd; So that per-

haps, in less than half an hour after they have bidden you adieu, they are *Swearing* over the same Oaths and Protestations to a fresh Mistress; Let your *Reason* therefore command your *Fancy*, and satisfy your *Judgment* as well as your *Eye*, before you suffer your heart to be betrayed to a Liking; how many deserving young Ladies have I known, that bewitch'd with a *fair outside*, a *complacent carriage*, a *rich Vest* and *fine Perewig*, a *good Voice*, an *excellent knack at Dancing*, or some such sorry superficial accomplishment, have *cast-away* themselves, lost the esteem of their friends, and shipwrackt their Fortunes. I willingly acknowledge, that *Marriage Union* must prove a Hell that is not *cemented* with Love, but then *that* Love should be grounded not altogether on the *Person* (though that too ought to have its share) but chiefly on the *virtuous Endowments* and *generous Qualifications* of the Mind: The one being short liv'd, and as decaying as the Body its Subject, whereas the other partaking of the *Soul* proves as pure and immortal as that: Nor should the consideration of an *Estate* be slighted, for *Riches* though strictly in themselves they signify little, yet like *Ciphers* in *Aritbmetick* they add infinite value to the Figures they are joyn'd with: Affection (as a *Lamp* with *Oyl*) is supplied with
the

the *Fuel* of Wealth, without which the *chill* approaches of Poverty are apt to *damp* and soon extinguish its most vigorous flames : Let not that fond humour (incident to most of our Sex) infect you, to pride your self in the *number* of your Servants, but where you find *Virtue* and *Honour* lodg'd, treat them with due respect, as for the rest give not the least encouragement to their pretences, but endeavour as soon as fairly you can to *get rid* of their unprofitable company : Nor is it the *Common Enemy*, Men, only, but some of our own Sex too, (with grief I write it) whom you will be obliged to behold with a *wary eye*, least under a *gilded* pretence of cordial *friendship*, or umbrage of an *innocent* freedom, they inveagle you into Snares, or betray you into such dangerous inconveniencies as may wound your Reputation. To *conclude*, (for I perceive the violence of my affection, makes me like an *unruly Flood* over-run all bounds,) do but remember *your self*, and sully not your prudence (which we have hitherto admir'd as infinitely outstripping your years) with any low or inconsiderate action, and be confident you shall never fail to be happy if it lie in the power of the *Prayers* or the *endeavours* of

Dearest Neece,

Your most affectionate & truly loving Aunt.

A Gentlewomans Answer to her Servants first Address.

Sir!

THat on so slender an acquaintance you should make me such friendly expressions, I am content to interpret as the effect of your civility being oblig'd by charity to make the best construction of every ones actions: Yet give me leave to tell you, that I am not so little cautious of my own imperfections, as to think any thing I am Mistress of, worthy to create in you the trouble of a *Passion*, nor so unacquainted with the World, as to be ignorant that this unworthy *Age* abounds with *Gallants*, whose Tongues or Pens can speak one Language, and their *Hearts* another, who make it their business to Complement, and their design to befool and laugh at our weak credulous Sex: When I find cause to believe you none of that number, but that your expressions are as real as they seem passionate, I may possibly set a greater value on your respect, In the mean time Civility invites me to subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your Servant

E. D.

Another

Another referring him to her Parents.

Sir !

I Had lately by an *over-officious* hand a Letter delivered to me from you, and though I am most unwilling to be *Guilty* of any such *correspondence*, being sensible of the frequent *ill consequences* of it, yet lest you should interpret my silence, *incivility*, or importune me with more *Messages*, I have adventured these few lines to acquaint you, that your *lofty Complements* are as much above the reach of my dull capacity, as my inconsiderable *merits* are below your *lavish praises* : Nor indeed do I understand what you *aim* at by those *flourishing expressions*, and therefore give you no other *answer*, But if you have any thing to *propose* relating to me, you are to *address* your self to my *Parents*, on whose *Inclinations* my Will doth absolutely depend, having resolved as becomes my *Duty* not to engage in any thing without their *directions* and *approbation*.

Your humble Servant

R. F.

*A Chamber-maids Answer to a Gentleman
that Courted her Mistress.*

Sir,

I Received yours with the enclosed *Token*,
for which I humbly thank you, yet
desire you should know your *merits* had so
far engaged my Inclinations to serve you,
that you might have promised your self
my utmost assistance without a *Fee*. I am
not ignorant at what *critical* hour the affe-
ctions of our Sex are most inclinable, and
shall use my endeavour to endear you to
my young *Ladies* esteem, I have already
taken occasion sometimes by the by, to
sound your praises, which she *drinks in*
with an attentive ear, and never hears you
named, but *blushing* adds fresh *Roses* to her
Beauty. I am more than confident she has
no ill opinion of your Person and Parts,
Rest assured, that what my weak under-
standing can invent, or power perform,
shall to the utmost be *expressed* and imployed
to *advance* your Interest in her *Affections*,
wherein I hope you will at length prove
fortunate, as I then shall esteem my self in
having been, *Sir, Your most humble and*

obliged Servant

F. G.

A

A Satyrical Lady to her unworthy Servant.

Sir !

I Received your pretty *whining* amorous Epistle, and ought indeed, as I am a *Woman* and a *Christian* to have so much Charity, as to pity, though I cannot *Love* you, since 'tis a duty I conceive due to all persons that are grown *Lunatick*; yet I must confess my Nature will not comply so far, for you are the *first Man* to my remembrance that I ever *bated*, which now at length I think good to let you know, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my *disimulation* : Nor can I fear *killing* you with this harsh *repulse*, for I have heard that *Ravens* and *Jack-Daws* (whose wits are proportionate to yours) live more than a hundred years; And certainly, if the want of *Brains* may entitle any to long life, you are he that Nature designs shall write Mankinds *Epitaph*; As for the felicity which I know you think you have in being able still to *reply*, you may choose whether you will do it or no, but if any more of your *foolish missives* do come to my hands, it shall be then at my choice, whether they shall be immediately *burnt*, or Read for the sake of a little *laughter*, wherefore I
hope

hope you will have the Grace to consult your natural humour of *idleness*, and save the pains, for it will be but lost labour on her who never intends to be

Yours,

M. L.

To her Servant with a lock of Hair.

Dear Sir!

THere were never certainly any *Charms* so strong as yours, nor *Witchcraft* equal to that contained in your Letters, which are so powerful as 'tis impossible to deny any thing they ask; This forces me so readily to comply with your desires mentioned in your last, by sending you the inclosed *Bracelet*, concerning which I shall not charge you with *silence*, since I know your discretion will therein prevent my Commands, only I desire you would please hence to take an estimate of my good Nature and kindness; That even now when you abuse me so far as to *pluck the Hair off my Head*, cannot yet refrain telling you that I am

Yours most affectionately.

E. D.

*Wear this (dear Love!) and prove as true
In Faith to me, as I to you.*

To

To her troublesome Lover.

Sir!

SINCE I perceive you are resolved to be troublesome, I must change that *laugh-ter* wherewith I used to entertain your foolish addressees into *Anger*, and lay aside that *Patience* which you have hitherto abused; Let me not be any more plagu'd with your impertinent pretences, or assure your self, if my Advice herein be slighted, and you continue as vain as formerly, I have so much Intereast in those who have Worth and Honour, as to *engage* them to *correct* your Insolence; Be therefore advised e're it be too late, since I am designed for another, and not likely however to be

Yours,

F. S.

A Widow certifying a friend of her Husbands death.

Madam!

THIS sorrowful Paper comes to Alarm you with a sad instance of Deaths cruelty, and to acquaint you that you have lost a faithful *Friend* in the person of my dear *Husband*,

Husband, In whose *Tomb* all my Joies lie
 buryed never to *revive*; Nor have I any
 Comfort but what proceeds from *Hopes*,
 that my *Grief* will suddenly dispatch me
 after him: Pardon me if I say no more,
 my Pen falls out of my hand, and my *tears*
 blot out my writing; Be assured she is now
 the most afflicted disconsolate Woman in
 the world, who ever was

Your servant,

E. B.

The Answer.

Madam!

THe news of your dear *Husbands* De-
 cease hath more than half *astonish* me,
 and I cannot but give you the testimony of
 my *sympathizing* with your Sorrow, and
 the desire I have to contribute (were I able)
 something to your Consolation; I confess
 so invaluable a *loss* authorizeth your *Grief*,
 but *Virtue* and *Christianity* forbid you the
excess of it, could the large effusion of
 your precious *tears* revive him, you might
 wish they might never cease; but nothing
 less, *submit* then to such Accidents as can-
 not be remedied, and cease to repine at
 what none can avoid, for the *Laws* of death
 admit neither *dispensation* nor *privilege*;
 If you say he dyed in his Prime, might
 have

have lived *four score* years and never reached *forty*; I intreat you to consider by what *Clock* his Hour was *struck*, was it not by *His* who is the *Author of Ages*, the *Creator of time*, and *Governour of the Sun*, against whom all our complaints are *wicked*, since we know he can do nothing that is *unjust*: Nor have you reason to lament your *Husbands* condition, who without question is now triumphing in *Glory*, whilst you lie almost drowned in *Tears*, bewailing his *Death* on earth; It seems rather *Envy* than *Love* to weep so profusely for one that is gone to take possession of *everlasting happiness*. To complain of his being *dead*, is to bemoan his too quick arrival at the *Harbour* whereunto we are all bound, and where (if you wait a while with patience) you shall *meet* him again, never to *lose* his *company*. *Pietie* mounted him thither, and will do the like for You, There shall both of You enjoy the *springs*, whereof You here have only tasted some *streams*; There shall all *tears* be wip'd from Your eyes, and Your *Cheeks* be Crown'd with *everlasting smiles*; Now that You may be a *Guest* the fitter prepared for this *Glorious Mansion*, be perswaded not to *discompose* Your Soul with such immoderate and yet vain and unprofitable *Grief*, but labour perfectly to *re-sign* Your Will to that of the *Almightie* disposers

poser, who acts for the best for his Children in all the *dispensations* of his Providence; To whose infinite Grace and Protection my Prayers shall not fail daily to recommend you, whilst I am

Your most affectionate friend,
M. L.

An obliging Lady discovering her kind Inclinations to a Gentleman.

Worthy Sir!

THose who yield on the first Summons, discover too much *foresness*, and too little Resolution; and may justly fear to to meet *Contempt* rather than *Love*, such being the vanity of Mens minds, that they value nothing which is obtained with *Ease*, or possess without *Danger*; yet certainly, a *true Love* ought not to dissemble, nor indeed can it be hid, since its flames when suppress, burn more *raging*; This consideration invites me to confess, (the *blackness* of my Ink hiding the *Blushes* of my *Modesty*) that I have more than a *common esteem* for you, such an acknowledgment to any other might be severely censured, as too sudden; but 'tis the privilege of your *extraordinary merits* to conquer Hearts in an *instant*; At least, if I have therein transgress against,
Discre-

Discretion and the usual *Politicks* of our Sex, I hope I may be excusable, since, the first thing that *Love Cancels*, is Reason; But I have discovered too much to one, who perhaps laughs at that *weakness* which betrays me to subscribe my self

His Friend,

S. B.

A young Gentlewoman to her Lover, whose Father intends to bestow her on another.

Dearest Love!

MY Fathers *awful* Authority endeavors to compell me to break my *Faith* with you, to violate my Inclinations, and to be no more *thine*; It seems he hath promised me to Sir C. W. who hath been several times to visit me, with much respect and pretence of Affection. And truly I have so great a kindness for him, that I *wish* he were a *Monarch*, that so I might render my *Constancy* to you, more glorious and despising the Addresses of a *Crowned head* for your sake: I have not yet discovered our *Loves* to my Father, and tremble to apprehend the fury of that Tempest I shall then undergo from his Anger; Nor know I which way to disintangle my self out of this *labyrinth* of Misery, wherein a cruel

Combat

Combat betwixt a most *passionate affection*, and a tender respect to my *duty* hath involv'd me; Assist me if you can with your *advice*, and to that purpose contrive speedily to see her, who is immoveably resolved either to live with you, or die for you, engage all *yours*, and as many of my *Fathers Friends* as you can to joyn your solicitations with my *tears*, to turn if possible the the violent *Tide* of his resolutions; if nothing will *prevail*, come at least to see how contentedly I shall go to my *Grave* when Fate consents not to joyn me to your *Bed*, and then remember your self (my Dearest) if I shall see you no more; Of your *Vows*, and our *mutual affections*, and live happy, since whatever happens, I shall be sure to die,

Thine most Faithfully,

A. F.

A procuring Madams insinuating Epistle to a very handsom, but poor young Gentlewoman.

Mistress,

THough the addressing these Lines to your fair hands may seem a *rudeness* in me that am wholly a stranger to you, yet probability bids me hope you will not be offended at one that takes this boldness
 merely

meerly for your *advantage* and *advancement*;
I saw you in a place the other day, and
could not but pity you; and withal curse
the *malice of Fortune* that exposes so much
Beauty as you are Mistress of, to a condi-
tion so mean and *necessitous* as I apprehend
yours at present to be, and so far am I con-
cerned to see, your Birth, Breeding, and
other excellent Accomplishments all *E-*
clips'd, (like the Sun behind a Curtain of
Clouds) for want of suitable *apparel*, and
other accommodations to set them off in
their deserved *lustre*, that I could not rest
without contributing to your assistance
what I can, by putting you into a way,
whereby if you please, you shall soon amend
your condition; There is a *Person of Ho-*
nour and very good *Quality*, who I dare
engage will Court you in a *Golden shower*,
provided you will but *hold up your lap* to re-
ceive it; He is a Gentleman of so Noble a
Spirit, and withall so discreet, that you
may be confident your Reputation in the
world shall not in the least be wounded by
your kindness to him, but you shall be
maintained *splendidly* like your self, and
with credit, and see those look upon you
with *Respect* and *Envy*, who now slight and
contemn your *Poverty*; I cannot think what
Bug-bear can fright you from embracing a
proposal so advantageous; Pray summon

C

your

your *profitable thoughts*, and consult your *Interest*, do not five hundred in this Town think you (with worse faces than yours) do worse than this? A *Livelihood* must be had, and *Virtue* (as this age goes) will not feed and cloath you; *Honesty*, as well as *fair looks* and *good words* may go to Market, but must return home empty if it went forth without *Money*. If you please to let me see you to morrow at three a Clock at my Lodging in *Drury-lane* according to the *Directions* underneath, I shall further acquaint you how much I desire to shew myself by some real and effectual proofs,

Your humble Servant,

Ma. Ben.

The Answer.

Shame of our Sex!

I Received a Paper, whose white innocence you had impudently *stain'd* with expressions more black than the Ink they were writ with, and can scarce be *reconcil'd* to my eyes for having been *guilty* of reading it; Couldst thou not wicked Woman! be content to have forsaken all *Virtue thyself*, and abandon'd thy Soul to Hell, but thou must usurp the *Devil's office* too, and become a Tempter to inveagle others to destruction; However know, that on me thy attempt

tempt is vain, I disdain thy cruel pity, and scorn thy undoing assistance, though *poverty* be my misfortune, yet *Honesty* is my *Glory*, which I would not part with, to enjoy all the offers that the greatest *Monarchs* of the Earth could make me, of what *quality* that person you mention is, neither know, nor care, but fear he cannot long be owner of many good ones; that is, once become acquainted with such a *Monster* as your self, who like a *Contagion* are apt to infect all with wickedness that come nigh you; I can now repay with equal *contempt* those (if any are so inhumane) that condemn me meerly for my *Poverty*; But should merit the *Hisses* of all the world, should I comply with thy abhorr'd suggestions, and become a *mercenary prostitute*; The thoughts of *Gawdy bravery*, (shall never I trust Heaven) so far prevail, to make me stain my Soul with such a *loathsome leprosie*, nor the hopes of a *splendid maintenance* here, cause me to venture on everlasting *torments* hereafter, from which that you may escape, let me seriously admonish you before it be too late to repent of, and forsake these impious courses, and cry to God for *Mercy* and forgiveness, in hopes that you will pursue this advice, *Charity* invites me to subscribe my self

Your Friend, D. M.
C 2 To

To her Servant sick.

Dearest Dear !

THe news of your *sickness* hath so altered my *Health*, that I may justly number my self amongst those not well. It hath so much grieved me, that the sorrow i sustain, hath already quite banisht that little *colour* I had out of my cheeks, and I hope my pain is not less than that of the *Feaver* which you endure, it being but just I should be interested in your concerns, and run an equal share in your *sufferings*, which with all my Soul I would undertake *wholly* to ease you; but at least, let me conjure you to use all means to recover your strength, for which I shall continually importune Heaven with *Prayers and Tears*, as becomes her who desires no longer to live, than whilst she is

Intirely and most affectionately thine,

A. T.

A Lady inviting another into the Countrey.

Madam !

I Am here amongst *Thorns and Thistles*, a People that are naturally affected with *dulness* and dream in the best Company

a Village, where you may walk all day, and hear nothing but *Whistling*; and where the *Coridons* are arriv'd at such a height of wilful ignorance, that you would swear they held their Farms by no other *Tenure*, than that of never speaking to the purpose; I should be quite out of heart, if I had not your Promise to rely on, that you will suddenly give me a visit, I wait for you as for a *blessing*; and if you come not hither the very *next week*, I will proclaim to you that I will no longer be

Your Servant,

M. P.

To her Servant resolving not to Marry.

Sir!

I Am not yet in the humour to change the *blessedness* of my Liberty for the *Purgatory* of Marriage; 'Tis a state we ought not to enter into *rashly*, or only by the Conduct of *Fortune*, for all the eyes that *Prudence* hath, are not too many to guide one in so weighty an Affair, Errours being there dreadfully *fatal* where Repentance is *vain and unprofitable*; Besides, I am naturally of a Temper so *skittish*, and averse to Confinement, that I doubt whether I should ever be brought to draw

handsomly in the *conjugal Yoke*; whatsoever *Gold* one bestows upon Fetters, and how *Glorious* soever Servitude may be, yet I perswade my self, for all that glittering shew, that *Shackles and Slavery* are but a couple of bad matters; I consider that Marriage puts every part of me into possession of a *Master*, who perhaps will play the Tyrant, examine ones very *Dreams*, and scrutinize ones most reserved *thoughts*; That it will put it out of my power to dispose of a *single hair*, and rob me of my very *Name*: Besides, I have so much kindness as to caution you for your own sake to desist, who perhaps might have no less reason to repent such a *Bargain*; Women are dangerous things to meddle with, especially for *better for worse*, if I mistake not in my Reading, the Learned of your Sex gravely determine, that they *weaken the strength, hasten on Age, confound business, empty the purse* with a thousand other feat qualities, which when I meet you next, you shall be sure to hear of; till when, wishing you the continuance of that quiet whereof you have hitherto used to boast, I decline this Theme of your Wiving Letter; and having thus freely given you such *wholsom advice*, do not doubt but you will believe me when I say I am,

Your Friend & Servant,

H. S.

To

To desire a Courtesie.

Sir!

THE Fame of your *Generosity* hath given me the boldness to request a favour of you, to dis-intangle me of a business, the success whereof depends very much on your Authority and Power; The matter is thus, &c. 'Tis true, that I never had the *Honour* to be acquainted with you; but though this be my particular unhappiness, I hope that you will not make any *excuses* to refuse me the courtesie I desire, not doubting but that in some other matter I may have the Honour to make my self known to you rather by my *Services*, than Name, since your Quality obliges me to be,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

E. M.

Thanks for a Letter.

Madam!

IT deserves no less than Admiration, that you having those Endowments which might justify you in a defiance of all the world, are yet the most *obliging person* that may be, and abound in all imaginable Can-

dor, Sweetness, and affability; especially that you have so great a goodness for me, as if you saw in my heart all the inclinations I have to serve and Honour you, assure your self *Madam*, that your Name is written there in such Characters as can never be defaced; And how far soever you may be hence, as to *distance* of place, My memory knows nothing *present*, but you; I should be extremely disordered that I cannot represent unto you with what joy and respect I received your Letter which you were pleased to Honour me with; Did I not believe a Mind so extraordinary as *yours*, could guess at my *thoughts*; Be pleased then to imagine, *Madam*! what resentments one may have who is the most *grateful* in the world, and also hath the most earnest Inclinations to Honour you; This will serve in some measure to shadow out my Zeal, yet 'tis but part of that passion wherewith I am,

Yours,

D. E.

To a Lady complaining of her forgetfulness.

Madam !

I Humbly beg your pardon for my writing, for I esteem it a kind of *Sacrilege* to make you waste but the least part of your time (which you put to lawful *Uſury*) in reading the offers of a *Service* so inconsiderable as mine ; However, I cannot but acquit my self of this duty, and persecute you still with my Letters, to shew you the extreme Grief I suffer to be deprived of *yours* ; I now apprehend that by sending so few, you desire to let me know that mine displease you ; This was it I ought always to have thought, if I had not been too too *credulous* when you flattered me with the contrary. Another more bold than I, would pray you to remember your Promises whereby you have sometimes made me hope the Honour of your remembrance ; but 'tis a favour so much above me, that I rate it as a Crime to demand it. And since I can no longer be happy by *Hope*, I shall try to be so by *memory*, I will reflect on your former Favours to comfort me at present ; and though we cannot be rich by the Goods we have lost, I will endeavour a *miracle*, and hug my self with a felicity not in being ;

Al

All that can afflict me, is, that I know not whether this will not offend you, perhaps you will take it ill, that so extraordinary a Merit as yours, should serve as an object of Consolation to so low a thought as mine; But vex your self at it while you list, I should scarce obey you, though you fall into the humour to forbid it; To forget your merrits, is to me as *Impossible*, as the remembrance of my defects is tedious to you; and though the fear of your displeasure should over awe me from protesting by Letters the affection I have to serve you, yet I can never cease really to be

Madam,

*Your most humble and most
affectionate Servant,*
M.B.

To her Servant that complained of her absence.

Sir!

LOvers wounds are so easily cur'd, consisting most times in *Imagination*; that I never throw away my Charity on such self-maim'd patient, if you be surpris'd as you would make me beleive with that foolish malady, my absence (whereof you therefore do unjustly to Complain) will soon afford you a Remedy by an utter extinguishment

extinguishment of that Flame you pretend torments you, which without fuel I am more than confident will quickly expire; Or if it should frustrate my expectation in this, then to your own advantage, the sincerity of your affection will appear by your continued constancy, which may in time vanquish my *obstinacy*, and render me as far as liberty permits,

Your Servant,
J. K.

An offended Lady to one that had slighted her Affection.

Sir !

I Find he knows not how to adjust himself to receive favours, who knows not how to deserve them; yet 'tis but just that those unworthy and ungrateful Men that will not accept Heavens benignity in *gentle showers*, should feel the cruelty of its *incensed Thunder*; I condemn you to a perpetual *Exile* from my presence, and the place where I dwell, you shall know me as an *Enemy* since you will not take me as a *Friend*: Thus I intend not to punish you, but to correct my own *Error*, in placing the least of my affection or regards so unworthily,

Yours to hate you,

E. D.
A

*A Complement on Letters received.**Madam!*

THough I am utterly past hope of ever *satisfying* those Obligations which your civility hath forc'd upon me; yet should I be troubled were they any less; and though I know my self unworthy all the Honours you so liberally afforded me, yet I cannot but derive thence an extraordinary satisfaction, and find my self tempted a little to *vain-glory*, when I consider that I have received such favours from a person whom I have long since admired as the most accomplish'd of this Age, and in whom I know may be found all the perfections that command affections or esteem; Your Lines flow with such sweetness, and expressions transcendently *obliging*, that from whomsoever they had come, they could not but have extremely surpris'd me; But the *person* that sent, renders them yet much more considerable; and the *Hand* that took the pains to write them, inspires them with a virtue which they could not derive elsewhere; Yet to confess the truth, 'tis not your extraordinary kindnesses, nor yet that charming way of Writing, wherewith you gain the

the hearts of all that read your Letters ;
which *obliges* me to obey you *so much*, as
the *respect* I have for so many admirable en-
dowments that you are furnished with,
and those *irresistible inclinations* of my Soul,
which enforce me to be

*Everlastingly your most humble
and devoted Servant*

H. L.

*A Letter of Raylery from a Lady to a Gentle-
man newly recovered of a Fever.*

Sir !

THe news of your *Recovery* had like to
have burst me for joy last night, and
this comes to congratulate your *Resurrecti-
on*, so I may boldly stile it, since none of
your Friends here but confidently believed
you in the way to the *Elisian Groves* ; Nay,
some to confirm the Report of your death,
avow'd to me they saw your *Ghost* walk ;
But pray tell us what it was made you put
off your Journey : was it pure kindness
to your Friends, that they might not be
depriv'd of your *sweet Company*, or did you
fear you should meet with no good accom-
modation in the other world ; for my part,
let people rail against *life*, and accuse it as
much

much as they please of Troubles and Vexations, I commend your discretion in continuing a little longer in it, if you can, for certainly a *Grave* is no good Lodging, since the Host never changes his *Sheets*, and though the *Bed* stand so firm that nothing can shake it but an *Earth-quake*, yet the *Chamber* is cold and *Rumatique*; Besides they there observe perpetual *Fasts*; nor could you have found one pleasant Creature to divert you, for Men are not admitted till they have given up their Spirits, and lost their Sences; and for those of our Sex, though they have there the good quality to *hold their peace*, which they can never be brought to here, yet they are so ugly, that the greatest Beauties amongst them are *flat-nos'd*; Beware then of a Relapse, for assure your self the *Shades below* are nothing so pleasant as the close Walks of your Garden; Make much of your self, if it be but for my sake, for I protest I was extremely troubled to hear that you were a going so far a Journey in the twinkling of an eye, that you could not have come back again before *Doom/day*, especially for that I could not procure any body here that would willingly have undertaken to tell you from me, that I was,

Your Servant,

E. G.

A

*A Lady to a Gentleman in behalf of the
Bearer.*

Honoured Sir !

YOU have ever used to oblige your Friends with so much readiness and affection, that I presume on your goodness for pardon, if I take the boldness now to recommend you one of mine ; This *Bearer* hath an humble Suit to you , and as he assures me a very *just one* ; if you have any good will left for me, let me conjure you to bestow part of it on him , by doing him what kindness you can in his Affairs , and assure your self they shall be set on the score of Obligations which I desire to acquit by my *Services* when ever Fortune smiles me into an opportunity to shew my self otherwise than in Words,

Your humble and

Indebted Servant,

J. R.

One

One Gentlewoman to another with a Copy of
Verses.

Dearest Cox.

THough I have little more to say, than what I must say ever, that I love you more than all the World; (yet, least as standing water is apt to corrupt) our friendship should slumber into a *Lethargy*, I think requisite to keep it *jogging* by the mutual intercourse of our Letters, which passing between Souls entirely affectionate, can never want a cordial welcome, though fraught with mean and inconsiderable *lading*; Mr. C. hath been here these 3 or 4 dayes posselt with two ill Spirits at once; an *Ague*, and that of *Poetry*; yesterday in his Fitt I did but deny him a little Drink, and he grew so peevish on a suddain, as to threaten a Revenge on all our Sex for it; whereupon he fell a *scribbling* with as much Rage & transport, as a *Quaker* comes to hold forth in, and within an hour his teeming fancy was delivered of these enclosed Rhymes, which I send you to laugh at; for to that purpose *Folly* is almost as useful as *Wit*; The simple *Water-Poet* making us sometimes as merry as the worthily admired *Dryden*. I am exceeding glad to
hear

hear of my *Coz. Ds.* happiness in a Husband, wherein my Love makes me esteem my self almost equally Interrested; and if my Wishes or Prayers can obtain her a Lease of it for Life, she shall not want it; Let me intreat you to speak me deeply affectionate to her, and her *other half*, to present my becoming respects to our Friends at *K.* and especially to do me the right to believe me,

Dear Cousen !

Perfectly and unalterably Yours,

M. P.

D

Courtship



Courtship *A-la-mode*;

O R,

Love in Fashion:

G *Allants attend that waste both Time and Coyn,*

*In making Love, and for a Mistress whine;
You that each day some Forty times can die,
And be reviv'd as oft, by her Wall-eye:
Poor Servile Sneaks! that droop, and are
struck down*

*By th' Thunder of each paltry wench's frown;
Prick up your ears, and listen, whilst we show
An Art of Love dull Ovid scarce did know.*

*Imprimis, mark, you must not Love confine
To any Woman, but to Woman-kind;*

*Love all the Sex alike; 'tis poor and base
To chain ones Heart unto a single face,
Monopolizing Love doth spoil it quite.*

Variety's the Mother of Delight:

*Were I amongst the Blacks, they would appear
As rare to me as our Court-Beauties here;*

Or did I dwell in China, I'd repose

I should (like them) doze on the Saddle-nose;

No Age, no Size, nor no Complexion,
But claims a share in my affection:
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be but new.
For greatest Beauties be they ne're so bright,
Tempt me no longer than they're in my sight;
The present Feature though inferiour far,
Makes me forget the Sun t'adore a Star;
I keep my heart to all Impressions free,
And she still fairest seems whom last I see.
In the next place, be sure you don't mistake,
And of your Love by fondness dotage make;
Their Courtships stale, thread-bare, and out
of fashion,
That cannot love without a Murdring passion;
Blind Zealots, who their Ladies coyness fear,
Worship those Idols their own fancies rear:
Be confident thy Suit being once begun,
And build upon't all Women may be won;
Mens cowardise in putting them to Tryal,
Instructeth Women how to give denial.
And when our bashfulness they do espy,
That first puts them in mind of Modetty;
Or if perchance some proud Minks shall refuse
To yield thee love, then prithee let her choose,
Another will, what cause hast to despair?
Thou soon mayst find one both more kind and
fair:
Cupid's an Ass, and they are fools say I,
That will be Martyrs to this Deity;

No, you that will not your own selves abuse,
 But learn the Modern Art of love to use,
 To every She the like Devotion pay,
 Swear Love by Rote, but mind not what you
 say,

Jove, sits as Poets tell, in Azure Skies,
 And does but Laugh at lovers Perjuries.
 Court out of Custom, for diversion sake:
 Speak much of Grief, but let your Heart
 ne're ake,

Both Tongue and looks excess of love must shew,
 But what you promise let your breast ne're
 know:

A Promise is a Charm to make fools fat,
 Be free of them, promise no matter what:
 Admire her Killing-beauty, her wit praise,
 And thy own Merits confidently raise:
 Perswade her that she loves thee, press her so,
 Till she her self begin to think so too:
 If this Stratagem will not batter down
 The Fort, nor undermine the Virgin-town;
 Then next provide Granado-Oaths to do't,
 And small Hail-shot, and Vows and Prayers
 to boot;

Tell a fine likely Tale, and cunningly
 In Robes of Truth dress up a naked Lie,
 Of an Untruth a Verity compile,
 And weep if need though in your thoughts you
 smile;

Swear her wan cheeks excell Roses and Tulips,
 And suck her lips, as Men in Favors Julips:
 Still

*Still as you speak mingle your words with kisses
A charming Rhetorick that seldom misses,
For 'tis a Rule approved in Loves Art,
Who freely yields her lips, will give her
Heart.*

*Som times in Extasie , you must appear,
And turn Statue, if she approach but ne'r
At other times stand gazing on her eyes,
And sighing, vvw you are the.r Sacrifice;
Languishing Glances too, you must bestow,
And your discourse somewhat diltracted show;
Rave of your Passion, Grief, trouble of mind,
And happiness, if she would prove but kind:
Cloath every Complement with so much Art,
That she may think't the language of your
Heart;*

*And let your eyes shoot forth such ardent flame,
As if Love with his Torch had fir'd the same.
Observe these Rules, and then dread no coy
frown,*

*Nor doubt but all Love's Monarchy's thy own;
The frozen-heartedst Mistress e're th hast
done,*

*Thou shalt see melt like Snow before the Sun;
If once she stand a Parley, next shee'l yield,
And thou'lt depart a Conquerour from the
Field;*

*But when she captive in thy Arms doth lie,
Confess by Care thou gotst this Victory.*

*Answer to the same, with the Recantation
of these Verses.*

Dear Conzen!

TIs more easie to drain the *Ocean*
through a Quill, than with my dull
Pen to express the *Tythe* of those Joys your
endearing Letter brought me; Since I find
there, that you not only afford me the Ho-
nour of a place in your *Memory*, but seek
to *Out-rival* me in Affection; In vain doth
the Malice of *Fortune* strive to divide us by
hurrying our Bodies to such remote distan-
ces, since in spite of all her contrivances I
continually converse with you, and even
at such times as I know not where you are,
my *better part* visits you; M.C. hath shak'd
off his *Shaker*, but your Letter had like to
strike him into a Relapse, since he could not
hear without a fit of *Trembling*, that dread-
ful Sentence of Excommunication from the
Society of all the *witty* & the *Fair*; He cur-
sed his *Muse*, more than banisht *Ovid* ever
did, (though I doubt not half so *wittily*)
and fancied much Agreement in the cause
of their Sufferings, since tampering with
the *Art of Love* had ruined them both; At
last to make some Atonement for his Crime
he'

he made the enclosed Recantation, which he seem'd (I'll assure you Couzen) to do with much remorse, and I have the Charity to believe him truly penitent; He submissively begs his *Absolution* by your next, as I do your pardon for troubling you with his *fooleries*, which I promise my self you will not deny, since 'tis to one, that is, and will be

Dear Couzen!

Everlastingly yours,

M. P.



The Recantation.

I Here Recant, what I before have writ,
And damn that spawn of too luxuriant wit,
I've broached Schism in the Church of Love,
If I go on still, Heresie 'twill prove.
And the blind Deity may justly cause
Me to be burn'd for slighting o' th' Cannon-
Laws.

Pardon (great Love) my crimes, I now repent,
Absolve therefore thy humblest Penitent,
Who is contented, if thou think'st it meet
To wit his deserv'd Pennance in a Sheet.

*Variety, thou tempting Witch ! be gone,
Thou art the Nurse of Lust, Love's number's
One ;*

*He that loves more, loves none ; the Bed and
Crown,*

But one possessor at a time can own :

*He whose divided heart doth piece-meal flie,
And Tinder-like kindles at every eye
Continual thoughts of Change disturb his rest,
And he consumes before he warms his breast :*

*I love my Clara 'cause she pleases me,
And therefore pleases only 'cause 'tis she :
Gods Image in her Soul I chiefly place
My Love upon, not Adam's in her face :
And do in her Epitomized find
All that's desirable in woman-kind.*

*Why then for Wares abroad should any roam,
That hath as good and better cheap, at home.
She ne'r seems stale, for love by true love bred,
Supplies each night with a fresh Maiden-head,
And in her chaste Embraces I out-number
Delights with Solomon and all his Cumber :
Nor is our Love obnoxious to decay :*

*Fixt in our Souls 'tis deathles as well as they.
Dissembled passion's but the Ape of Love,
Which being unmaskt, will a derision prove :
Sincerity's Divine Cupid's delight,
For his Religion hates a Hypocrite.*

*Tremble then sneaking Flatterers, at last
Heav'n with a vengeance your designs will
blast.*

*For solemn Promises are sacred ties,
And Jove hath Thunderbolts for perjuries :
May every one that Sacred Love pretends
Only to mask and gain his baser ends,
Miss first of his design, and after doat
Upon some Dowdy in a Linsey Coat,
And she so scorn him till the wretched Elf,
For meer vexation go and hang himself.*

*All rules of Love but this are wholly vain,
Love really if thou wouldst Love obtain.
This is my Art, wherein so far I'll be
From all loose thoughts of base disloyaltie,
That from the even temper of my mind,
Most constant Turtles shall learn to be kind ;
Then let my last excuse my first extremes,
I now see Visions, but before dreamt dreams*

From one Schoolfellow to another.

Dear Friend !

I Received that little sum which at your departure was due to me, & with it (what was infinitely more welcom) your obliging and affectionate Letter, for which be pleased to accept my greatest and most Cordial Thanks : We continue still much in the same condition as when you left us, there being as yet no great Increase of our number, but only of our Grievs for your absence ; That hath rob'd us of all our Mirth, and made the days seem double their usual length

length for want of your merry facetious company, which was a sovereign receipt against the blackest *Melancholie*, and used to add new Feathers to the Wings of Time: Our *Governess* follows the Method of the Year, and as every Morning is now more early than other in calling up the Sun, so is she by her Messenger in the awakening us, but tempers the unpleasantness of her importunity with the encouragement of the benefit of our Healths: Not a Letter is received, but she understands from whom it comes, and what Answers are returned: In which we believe her *Prudence* is more to be commended, than her *Jealousie*, for there is nothing we write, of which we should be ashamed if it were to be read as well in our *Foreheads*, as our Papers: If the good news hath not yet saluted your Ear, I can inform you that your old Bed-fellow Mrs. *M. S.* hath entertain'd a new one, being lately Married to a Gentleman, whom Fame speaks Master of the three good Qualities we usually wish for, in those Heaven hath designed for our Husbands, viz. *Handsom, Well descended, and Rich*: Could I be so happy as to understand the like of you, your good Fortune should be follow'd with no faint acclamations of Joy, by

March 26.

1671.

Your most Faithful and
affectionate Servant,

M. O.

An Answer therunto.

Dearest Friend!

I Am much Honoured with the Testimony of your affection, but for your Thanks for the Return of the Money due to you, you might well have spared that Complement, for 'tis me thinks an *excess* of Courtesy, when we are forced to give Thanks for our *own*: I am glad to understand of the Health and continued vigilance of our *Governess*, it will procure her more Scholars, and endear her both to them and their Friends: I heard some days since of the Marriage of my Bedfellow Mrs. *Mary*, and wish her all happiness in her choice, that her Fortune may be answerable to the height of her Merit: But for your kind wishes to me in the like nature, (though I am very thankful to you for them,) yet I should not at all be displeased if you would forbear them, for good *Husbands* are *miracles*, and Miracles being ceased, I would by no means afflict my self with the *vain expectation* of them; I can best content my self with my present *Freedom*, wherein I have a greater Liberty to express my self,

Wholly and entirely your most
affectionate Servant,
E. W.

*Against Ladies Painting.**Madam!*

THe large proofs you have allow'd me of your Love, tempt me to this rudeness, and encourage me to press on your goodness so far, as to intreat an Experiment of your Wit; I know there is none more able to perform it than your self, which as it should be an encouragement to you to undertake it, so it increases my importunity to desire it: In brief, 't's concerning a *borrowed Beautie* from Art, whether it may lawfully be used; About which I confess my own weak Judgement not a little *stagger'd*, having been inform'd by many Reverend and Godly persons, that without all Controversie it is a great Sin, and inconsistent with the Profession of a *Christian*: But understanding that your *Ladiship*, whom all that have the Honour to know you, admires for solid Piety, and excellent Judgement, have been heard to speak more favourably as to the vindication of these Artificial helps: It makes me with no common earnestness begg your Account of it in a few Lines: I find that Washing and Painting is condemned in Sacred *Scripture*, as the practice of loose licentious Women

Women, who with the deforming their Souls, and polluting their Consciences, used Art for *beighning* their Complexions: I read in the *New Testament*, That we cannot *make one Hair of our Head white or black*: And since we have not liberty, nor are to assume the power of altering the colour of our Hair, much less the *complexion* of our *Cheeks*: Besides, it seems to argue an unsanctified Mind, when we go about to amend what God hath made, and are not satisfied with his pleasure: 'Tis a sign of a wilful Contumacious Spirit, to remove or hide that which God sees fit to allot us: I hear the two great Doctors of the Jews and Gentiles, *Peter* and *Paul*, prescribing to Women to be cloathed with *Modestie*, *Shamefacedness*, and *Sobrietie*, not *gorgeous Apparel*, *Braided Hair*, or *Gold and Pearls*. Now if these things were forbidden, how much more *Washing* or *Painting* the Face, which is practised by none (some think) but bold and light Spirits, such who are not yet redeemed from the vanity of their Conversation: For to omit the suspicion of *Wantonness* wherewith it stands charged, as also its near bordering on *Arrogance*, when we challenge that Beauty as ours, which is not so but by an *adventitious steal*; The offence only which it gives to pious Souls, may be an argument sufficient against its
being

being practis'd : It is not much safer to want a little *complexion* in our *Cheeks*, than grieve any tender Christian at the *Heart*, Many things are allowable in themselves, which yet become evil, and are to be forborn when others are offended at them : Nor is this all, for the very name of a *paint-ed face*, doth destroy the Reputation of her that useth it, exposing her to all manner of Reproaches : Ought it not then altogether to be abandon'd, since we are commanded in all our Actions to follow things of a good Report, and preserve the *precious Ointment* of a good name : Lastly, how can we but conclude, that if God threaten to punish *strange Apparel*, he will not spare *strange Faces*, which pretend to a handsomness not their own, and seek to make that appear, which in truth is not : Thus, *Madam* ! I have ventured to torment you with a tedious Letter out of a grounded Confidence, that if any in the world can it these particulars give full satisfaction, it is your *Ladiship*, which makes me in a Labouring Expectation, and not without some *Impatience* attend your Answer, by which you will infinitely oblige

Your most humble and most
affectionate Servant,

T. L.

The

The Answer in excuse of Painting.

Madam !

YOU have been pleased to impose no small task upon me, which yet I am resolved to undertake, not so much to shew any *wit*, as your power over me by my *obedience* to your Commands, which I shall find the more difficult, because I am to discourse of an *Art* to which I am a stranger : Yet for that reason your Ladyship may give more credit to Me, because what I shall alledge in its vindication, I shall be obliged to by the *Rules of Reason*, not by the *liberty of practice*; I shall not deny but that sundry Reverend and Learned Persons are of a Perswasion opposite to mine, which have prevailed much on the the easie Credulity of many *Young Ladies*, and did at first on my own, till I began to examine the *grounds* of their Opinions, and to value more the *weight* of their Reasons, than the gravity and number of their Persons; To me it seems very strange, if this artificial way of *enlivening a pale Complexion* (which is the Life of the Face) be so great a sin, why Divines cannot produce one single *Text* or Reason of force out of the Scripture expressly forbidding it : The Opinions of
Men

Men are not of power to charge the Soul with Sin in things of outward use & custom; Neither do *Divines* themselves all agree about it, for I know many *excellent persons*, who wisely forbear to condemn the use of those things as Sin, that are innocently helpful to the Beauties of Modest Women; Indeed they are so far Sin, or not, as the Minds of those that use them are disposed, either to a *modest Decencie*, or to *Pride and Vanitie*: For certainly where there is no *Vice countenanced*, no good duty neglected, but only a *civil decencie* practised, there can be no opposition to Grace, nor any thing that borders upon *Transgression*: whereas 'tis objected that *Jezabel* was devoured by Doggs, because she painted her Eye; If your *Ladiship* be pleased to look again on the History, you shall find the painting of her Face or Eyes was 13 or 14 years after that the Prophet *Elisha* had predicted such her destruction; and 'twas no more the cause of her dreadful death, than was the *dressi^{ng}* of her Head, or her looking out of the Window, which were at the same time, and one of them as innocent as the other: If all that *Jezabel* did, is to be avoided as Sin, we may not call a *Solemn Assembly*, nor keep a *Fast* because she did so: As for those places in the Prophets whence scrupulous and censorious Heads infer, that Painting of
the

the Face is a Sin; We may Answer, that it is not therefore unlawful, because we find it there sometimes condemned as unreasonable; for who will a gue, that because vain loose Women do practise it, therefore the modest must altogether disclaim it; Wheresoever in Scripture we find any mention of Painting the Face, we may observe it never goes alone, but some tokens of Pride or Vanity are annexed; And shall *Perfumes* and *costly Ornaments*, shall *Stately Beds*, and *rich Carpetted Tables* be still the desire and possessions of the most Modest Matrons; And shall a little *Quickening the Complexion* of the Face be singled out, and excluded? Nor is it any new Invention for Ladies to use Artificial Helps for the advancement of their Beauties, but a *Custom* as ancient as general, scarce any Nation but follows it; And although with us a commendable Discretion is used in *Powdering*, *Curling*, and *Gumming* the Hair, and *Quickening the Complexion*, yet beyond the Seas it is every where frequently practised, and as freely owned: 'Tis strange Methinks that Supplies should be allowed of *Bodily defects & deformities*. The Shoemaker is imployed, and commended for making the Body *higher*, and the Taylor for rendring it *straighter*; and yet shall we

E

count

count it so odious a Sin, or scandal to advance the *Beautie of the Face*, which is the Glory of the whole Body, and Throne that Beauty delights in : Much more might be said, but I have already been too tedious, and punished your Expectation of my Letter with the *length* of it, which for all the Innocency of the Subject is accounted little less than a Sin by her, who is,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

E. K.

A Young Gentlewoman at School to her friend lately removed thence.

Dearest Friend !

I Have stoln a few Minutes from the *exercise* of my *Needle*, to bestow them on that of my *Pen*, to assure you that the passionate affection wherewith I regard you, will not suffer me to let slip any opportunity of giving some testimonies how much I Honour you, how afflicted I am for the loss of your *excellent* company, and above all, how exceedingly I fear to be blotted out of your
Remembrance ;

The Female Secretary.

51

Remembrance; Let me beg the favour of you to banish these tormenting apprehensions by a few *Lines* under your hand, and be assured that in what *Corner* of the Earth soever the malice of my Fortune shall throw me, I will still on my part *Inviolably* preserve in my Soul our Sacred Amity, there being nothing in this *base giddy* world that makes me so willing to live, the delight I take in being beloved of you, and the *desires* I have to continue,

Your most humble and faithful

Friend and Servant,

S. C.

The Answer.

Sweet Friend!

I Can scarce refrain *Envy*ing your happy Art, that can so delicately *translate* your hand from one Flower to another, from those wrought by your *Needle* to these writ by your *Pen*, which you perform with so much *Grace and Liveliness*, that I know not in which of them your flourishing skill appears more excellent; Pardon me, if I say I am *glad* at the *Resentments*

E 2

you

you tell me you endure for my absence, since I fancy you may thence *partly* (and I am sure but in part) guess at the Torments I suffer during this cruel separation, do not therefore injure our Amity, (which you deservedly entitle Sacred) by making the least doubt of the Integrity and Constancy of my Love, for though I have not the *Ingenuity* so *handsomly* to represent it, yet my *Deeds and Services* when ever you please to Honour me with your *Commands*, shall always be *Eloquent* to express Me as I am,

*Your most affectionate and faithful
Friend and Servant,*

D. L.

*A Gentlewoman Congratulating anothers
Marriage.*

Dear Friend!

Yesterday I received by Mr. G. the joyful news of your Wedding; the more welcome, for that it comes accompanied with applauses of your *Choice*, such as your Perfections might promise, and my wishes design you : But the Joy I give you, is the least part *my own*, when I begin to apprehend that perhaps I may thereby have lost

a *Friend* more valuable than the *Indies* : Since I am not ignorant how *unsociable* and uncorrespondent *Virginitie* and *Wedlock* use to be, and with what an awful *Imperious Gravity* the dignity of a *Wife* commonly usurps upon those she hath left behind in a *single state* : However I comfort my self, by hoping you have not changed all your inclinations with your name, but will still vouchsafe me the continuance of so much affection as your greater and happier obligation to your husband (to whom I beseech you present my most humble Service) will permit ; I am confident he will never be displeased with such a *Rival*, nor grow *jealous* though you Love me as passionately as ever ; In requital whereof, you shall continually have my *Virgin Prayers* for your conjugal felicity, That your Loves may still increase with your *Years*, and prosperity ever attend you, that you may behold *Heavens blessing* in a numerous Offspring, and yet find your *Estate* increase faster than your *Charge* : In brief, that your *Happiness* may surmount your most *daring wishes*, and know no period, but your *lives*, shall be the subject of her daily *Orisons*, who is,

Yours most affectionately,

M. P.

*A Lady commanding her Daughter to wear
no more Black Patches.*

Daughter!

THe indulgent Affection wherewith I have always regarded you, and the welcom news I every day receive how careful you are to deserve it, invites me to be more tender of you, and in this your *Duty* goes along with my *Affection* and *Grace* encourages *Nature*; Nevertheless I must not dissemble with you, I am to my grief informed, that though you seem a great Enemy to the *Vices* of this Age, you are yet too much addicted to the *vanities* of it, and that lately you have been seen abroad with those *Deformities* on your Face most properly called *black Patches*; A Monstrous fashion till of late never practised, nor to read of in all the Histories of the *Vanities* and *Extravagancies* of Women; It seems strange to me, young Gentlewomen should at once loose their *Reason* and their *Modesty*, and think they add to their Beauty by *Substrating* from it: I must deal plainly, I am afraid, the black Oath (*God damn me*) in the Mouth of a *Ranter*, and the black Patch in the Face of a Gentlewoman, are both of a *Pedigree*,

Pedigree. I shall therefore assume that freedom of *Power* which is due to me so far as to *Command* you to wear them no more till I am better satisfied in their Decency and Lawfulness, wherein not doubting of your *Care* and *Obedience*; I commit you with my *Blessing* to the Protection of the *God of all blessings*, and rest

Your loving and careful Mother,

M.C.

The Answer in excuse of Beautie-Spots.

Madam!

TIs as well *Religion* as *Dutie* in Me to render you all the Observances, and I make it my *Delight* no less than my *Employment*, the greatest Blessing that can arrive Me, is, to understand the continuance of your *Love*, which obliges Me to augment my *Thankfulness*, and express it by the increase of my *Obedience*. I perceive some *idle Tongues* for want of a better Subject, have been so busie with my *Face*, as to inform you there hath lately been seen some *black Spots* on it, And I must confess it leaves no small impression on my Spirit,

that I should be so unhappy to incur your Displeasure, for following a Fashion that hath so much *Innocence* to plead for it *excuse*, and so much *Custom* for its Authority; you may every day behold some little *Clouds* in the face of the Sun, yet is not that *glorious light* ashamed it hath contracted them; you may each Night see the Moon in the fulness of all her Beauty to have several remarkable *Spots* in her Face, and by these she gains her greatest Reputation, being *inconstant* in all things else but these, when I put on my *Mask* (which is no more nor better than one great black Patch) you never discommended me, and will you but displeased at my wearing a few innocent black Patches, which if they are cut in *stars*, represent whether I would go, or if into little *Worms*, whither I must go; The one of them testifying the sense of my *unworthiness* to increase my *Humilitie*; the other the height of my Meditation to advance my *Affection*; It hath ever been the unhappiness of the most harmless things to be lyable to the greatest Misconstructions, and the same Subject whence others draw their suspicions of Curiosity to accuse our Pride, we make use of as an *Hyeroglyphick* of Discipline and instruction; Nor is the ignorance of Antiquity in relation to them any
such

such weighty Argument (as I conceive) to condemn them, for the *black Bags* on the Head, are not much older than the black Spots on the Face, and much less may be said for them, only they have had the *good luck* to meet with no Contradiction; Nevertheless according to the Obligation of my Duty to give you in *all things* satisfaction, I am determined to wear them no more, not that I find any such Vanity in them, but that by the fruits of my *obedience* you may be satisfied what an absolute Power your Commands shall ever have over her, who is,

Madam!

*Your most humble & most
obedient Daughter,*

A. C.

A Complement of Thanks.

Madam!

WHilst I was contriving to return you *thanks* for your extraordinary kindnesses, especially the last I found you had given me cause to *complain* of you, for enforcing Me by the *excess* of your favours to an unwilling *Ingratitude*; I see my self so far incapable of *requiting* these Obligations, that I am not able to *express* them, so that
she

she must study new *Performances* and a *Rhetorick* of more than *Words*, unless she intend to die *ungrateful*, who is, and will be whilst she lives,

Madam!

Your most humble and
Obliged Servant,

K. P.

From a Grandmother.

Dear Grandchild!

THe Affection I have for you is so far from *decaying* with my strength, that my desires after your welfare, grow every day more *strong and vigorous*; whilst I had you in my *Sight* and company I studied nothing more than to *Season* your green years with the wholsom Instructions of *virtue*, and hope I may without vanity declare, I have hitherto demeaned my self towards the world as an *Example* not altogether unfit for your imitation; It is now your *Honour*, and should be your greatest *diligence* in your absence to reduce those good Principles you learned here into *Practice*, and improve them so as to let the world see by your good and Generous Deportment, that as your *descent* is Noble, so your personal

personal Worth, that Excellency which you may properly call your *own*, can return as much *lustre* to your Family, as you have received from it, And that not content with your bare *natural good parts* you have made it your endeavour to adorn them with all the *embellishments* and *perfections*, which a Literal Education and industrious Observation could contribute to the rendering you compleated, *accomplisht*, towards the attainment whereof, you shall ever have the assistance both of her *Directions* and and heartiest *Prayers*, who is,

Your tender and most
affectionate Grandmother,
M. B.

The Answer.

Most Honoured Grandmother!

I Stand indebted in infinite Obligations to you for your continual Love and Kindness towards me, which I must not presume to sum up in the ordinary Phrase, *My most humble Duty presented*; Your Care, Respect, and Favour hath been every way so singular and extraordinary, that I cannot without shame think of being beholden to such
common

common forms to speak my acknowledgements, which labour with a more *Rhetorical gratitude*; Nor can I meet with any words which I find not too *dull, faint, and insignificant* to express those thankful resentments, whereof my *Breast* is full, which makes me secure your Letter in my *Bosom*, as the nearest place of conference with my thoughts which I hope *alarm'd* at the presence of your Lines, will range themselves in that order they were wont to keep while under your government, I often please them with a diversion that I am giving you their *Account*, and can with equal *Truth and delight* affirm, there is no Reflection on my whole life which represents it self with half the pleasure and advantage, as the remembrance of your grave, pious instructions and advice, that only with *clouds* my content is the apprehension how impossible it is for me to *reach* your great Example; However, I shall take pleasure in a fruitless toyl of *aspiring*, and testify my *Zeal* unto, though I dare not hope the attainment of such *Sublime Virtues* as may merit that Honourable *Interest* I have in you, and my *Familie*, which intitles me to subscribe my self,

Your most dutiful and
affectionate Grandchild,
M. C.

'A Gentlewoman to her Father, who privately against his will married a Person of mean Fortune.

Honoured Father !

THough my *disobedience* in departing so unadvisedly from your House, and Marrying contrary to your Commands, render me more worthy your indignation than Pardon ; Yet when you shall please to remember my near Relation as your *Child*, and that 'tis now impossible for ought but death to Cancel those Bonds, wherein God by the Ministry of his *Church* hath tyed Me, when you shall reflect on the extremity of that resistless *Passion*, which compell'd me thus to violate my Duty, and that I was not guilty therein, till I had first in vain tryed all means both by *Intreaties* and *Tears*, to obtain your consent ; you will then I humbly hope, at least *excuse* and *pity*, if not wholly *remit* my error, which as it was the first, so shall it be the last act of my *Disobedience* towards you ; And though my *Husband* have the Misfortune not to be Master of an *Estate* equal to your wishes, yet I hope his *careful* and *industrious* Management of his Affairs, his *dutiful* and
respective

respective carriage towards You, and tender affection to My self, will render him not unworthy your good Opinion; And if I may but enjoy your favour, (without which I shall ever esteem my self Miserable) I shall not despair to live (though perhaps not so splendidly, yet altogether) as Comfortably any happily with him, as I should have done if Match'd to one of a far greater Fortune; Wherefore in all Humility and Duty, low as the Earth, or lower if I could, I intreat the Mitigation of your displeasure, and beg your Blessing, and Prayers to God for Me, which in Religion you cannot, and in Nature I hope you will not deny to her, who is resolved for the future to remain in all things, till death,

Your most humble, dutiful,

and obedient Daughter,

A. M.

The

The distrustful Lady to her Servant.

Sir !

WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstances of *Affection* between us ; But having considered of the great Affairs we had then under Consultation, I must desire your pardon if I crave leave to recall my former fondness, since my *fortunes* and *happiness* lie at stake ; Not that I do utterly determine to abandon all good will for you, (but only that *time* which they say is the Father of *truth*) may satisfy Me concerning some Reports of you, that have lately reached my Ears. Sir, I have so much *kindness* for you, as to hope they are false, and in that confidence give neither *Credit* nor *Countenance* to them, till I may be convinced of the reality of them ; However, to satisfy my Relations, who are somewhat *alarm'd* by these *buzzing Rumors* : 'Tis my *Request* at present, That you shew your Love & Respect by abstaining from any further visits to

Your friend and Servant,

H. S.

To

To beg Pardon for a long Silence.

Madam!

With what expressions to break this long continued *Silence* lies not within the verge of my imagination, should I plead *Silence*, less offensive than the impertinencies I usually scribble; I am not sure you accept it so, and therefore may become culpably bold in judging, and so increase my Crimes whilst I endeavour to make *atonement* for them; The consideration that my *Errors* have been deliberate, doth much enhance my Guilt, since I cannot call it *frailty*, but Presumptuous omission. I would fain pretend I was careful of your Ease, cautious not to disturb your repose; But these are the *Hackney over-rid* Apologies of Idleness, sorry *refuges*, and too weak *sanctuaries* to protect me from the fury of your just anger: In brief, I have no *Plea* to alledge for your Pardon of such an obstinate neglect as mine hath been, and could almost despair of your *Mercy*, did not the consideration that Heaven never deems sincere *Repentance* too late, put me in more than hopes you will resemble that in this, as well as in your other excellencies,
 confiding

considering herein I acknowledge my fault in *extremities*, and begg for pardon in the like degree, which I shall be most impatient till I receive under your Hand, and in the mean time live in hopes, that you will not *undo me utterly* by banishing me from your favour, and deprive me of the Title of

Your Servant,

T. W.

The Answer.

Madam !

YOur tedious silence made me doubt something worse than *laziness* had seized you, I feared you had been visited with some *indispositions* which might occasion so long a continuance of our sweet correspondence, so that till now I was rather apprehensive of your *Sickness*, than angry at your *neglect*, and the satisfaction I receive in the assurance of your *good health*, banishes the displeasure your omissions might otherwise have caused; Your Letter was a great surprise as well as satisfaction, And were your *Errors* the greatest imaginable such winning *Confessions* would be
F sufficient

sufficient Attonements; 'Tis true, were not the reality of my Affection to you far above the Self-interest of my own delight, though fully pacified, I should not in *policie* let you know it, but dart you seeming frowns only to prevent the like future Omissions, but the sincerity of my Love, suffers Me not to use any such *stratagems* you know the candid Temper of my heart; Therefore fail not in making her frequently *happie* by your Letters, who is yours in all Sincerity,

F. V.

To her Brother on the behalf of her self, and his Mistress complaining of his silence.

Dear Brother!

I Am not ignorant that your Occasions necessarily enforce your continuance at this distance, but cannot imagine why you should not supply the want of your *presence*, by the presence of your Letters; We can make but two excuses for you, want of *Opportunity* or *Will*, that *Sickness*, or some Misfortune hath seiz'd you, or that your *Affection* is fallen into a Consumption, so that you have reduc'd us to this unhappy streight,

freight, either to *grieve* for, or be *angry* with you; To speak freely, I know not what to judge of so *obstinate* a Silence in a Person that would persuade the world he loves extremely; Certainly you are got into some Countrey where *fair Women* are forgot as easily, as *they* here do good Services: I know you understand Me, and 'tis enough to tell you that *Madam Isabella* complains of your unkindness as much (though not so *loud*) as my self, and that your *Mistress* mixes her Tears with your *Sister*; Are we both forgot? and can you be so injurious, as at once to offend against *Love & Nature*, and shew your self a *fickle Lover*, as well as an unkind *Brother*. How insensible soever you are grown, I assure my self, if you read this but as seriously as I write it, you cannot but be touch'd, I hope my intreaties to hear from you, will work some effects, when you consider who makes them, It is

The most affectionate

Sister in the world,

M. C.

A Lady to a Judge in behalf of a Friend.

My Lord!

HAd I but as much *Ability* to serve, as *occasion* to trouble you; you should soon find I value not my own *Interest* in respect of *Yours*; However, though *Fortune* doth debar me of all Proof of *Gratitude*, she affords me but too many of *Confidence*, wherein the past Experience of your Lordships Candor encourages me, and the continuance of your favours which should oblige me to *modestie*, doth I find tempt me to greater *boldness*; So it is, that I have once more need of the accustomed Testimonies of your good will, and that I may begg with more *dexterity* and Art I will joyn your own interest with mine; for I assure my self, that the *virtue* you practice with so much Applause, and that *Justice* you Administer with such integrity, will easily obtain of you, All that I shall request on the behalf of this *Bearer*; He is no less worthy your Compassion, than his malicious Adversaries of Chastisement; I know you will do in this affair all that *Justice* requires, and I shall never ask more, unless it be,
That

That you would perform it with that *sweetness* wherewith you are wont to receive those I *recommend*, and that *obliging quality* which interresses you in all that I affect; The Obligation you will lay upon me in this respect I shall Rank amongst the chief of your favours to

Your most obliged Servant,

F. D.

An Answer from a Lady in London to one in the Countrey.

Dear Madam !

I Cannot but admire that you should complain of *Solitude*, when you have carryed away with you what ever was Excellent or desirable in this City ; Or how you can expect comfort from us, when you have not left us any. Were I but near that *Excellent Ladie* (the enjoyment of whose Society I cannot but envy you) I could meet with thinks from the most inconsiderable of her Words or Actions take occasion to dispell the thickest *melancholy*; This populous City by your departure hath lost its chiefest

F 3

Lustre,

Lustre, a certain *dulness* hath taken possession of our Street, and the *Sun* thinks it now not worth his while to beat away that *cloudie thick Fogg* that continually is our *Canopy*; The truth is, I never in my life was in such a humour, to quarrel with *Fortune* or the *Stars*, for Sueing this unkind divorce between us, did not this consideration mitigate my *Rage*, that their Malice hath influence only on our *Earthly parts*, whilst those more Noble, I mean our *Souls*, disdaining their envious Tyranny shall daily meet with cordial interchanged wishes for each others happiness, wherein assure your self yours shall no less *zealously* be importun'd than my own, in all the Prayers of her who is,

Intirely and unfeignedly Yours,

E. C.

A Gentlewoman to her Servant in the Wars.

Dear Sir!

MY Eares are daily saluted with the welcom news of your Armies *Victories* in general, and of your Gallantry in particular; which as it affords me much cause of rejoycing, so doth it at the same time

time strike me with a *shivering fear*, least too great an Aspiration at *Glory* should carry you beyond your due bounds as to matter of *hazzard*; Though I firmly believe your *Valour* outvies all that we read fancied in *Romances*, yet still I trembling remember 'tis not *Cannon-proof*; The blind *Bullets* allow no distinction of Persons, and *Chain-Shot* indifferently Mows down the *Gallant* with the *faint-hearted*; Wherefore, since the invention of *Inchanted Arms* is lost, and the Custom that *Hero's* should be invulnerable, absolutely ceas'd: It can be no dishonour for you sometimes to consult your *safety*, and not to tempt Dangers, which you cannot overcome, and may without loss of Reputation avoid; Fortune, who hath delivered you hitherto is but bad Security for the future; Be pleas'd therefore to consider, that Fortitude hath its *extreams* as well as all other virtues, and ought (like them) to admit of the Guidance of *Prudence*, which will never consent to expose to all hazzards a Person of your concernment, nor so cheaply venture a Jewel of such value; If no regard to your own Life can bridle in your *daring Spirit*, Let some respect to *Mine*, prevail, I have an interest in your safety, and command you henceforwards to be more careful

of it, for be assured each *wound* you receive, strikes at my *Heart*; And that if you suffer your self to be kill'd, you infallibly *murder* her who loves you more than all the world,

D. E.

A young Ladies Return to the Courtship of a rich old Gentleman.

Grave Sir!

THough you are too far distant from Me in years to be admitted into my affections, yet I must do you so much Justice as to applaud your discretion for Fishing with a *Golden Bait*, in offering so fair a *Fointure*, and displaying the largeness of your *Estate*; To confess ingeniously, I could willingly undergo the trouble of being Mistress of a *Fortune*, and be content to keep my *Coaches*, *Lacqueys*, *Maids*, and other *Attendances*, but can never endure the thoughts of *Burying* my self every Night in a Bed with a Person that I shall be apt to mistake for my *Grandfather*, rather than a *Husband*; The truth is, I am the unfittest person in the world to make a *Nurse* of, having no skill in making *Cawdles*, *Broths*, or *Fellies*, and
so

so naturally addicted to Sleep, that I shall scold insufferably if you chance but to wake me with *Cough* or *Spitting*; Can you then imagine *Reverend Sir*, I can love you? no, the very Temptations you offer, clearly manifest your Opinion, that if I should Marry, it must be rather to your *Baggs*, than you; And believe me, I am of their fond childish humour, who will never Marry, without *Love* make a chief Dish at their *Wedding-Dinner*, and prize the Mutual Sweets and Contentments of a pure *unbyassed affection*, more than the glittering of *White* or *Yellow Dirt*; Dream therefore no longer of increasing the number of this Ages *Prodigies*, by so unequal and disproportionate a Match, but rouse your self from this ridiculous *dotage*, which Ecclipses your Repute, by drawing your *discretion* into question; Consult the *Gravity* of your *Silver-hairs*, which should prompt you rather to mind your approaching *Grave*, than a *Mistress*; And prepare to wedd your self to *Heaven*; And if at your Death you shall remember to *Bequeath* part of your *Gold* to your young *Adviser*, she will remain,

Your grateful Servant,

D. C.

*A Complement from one Lady to another.**Madam!*

WHen neither the *Place* nor the *Person* are capable to afford a worthy *Oblation*, that *Devotion* may be thought most respective and best manner'd, which is content in pure *Zeal* to sacrifice to your *Memory* on the *Altar of Silence*, and admire you infinitely, without giving you the trouble of telling you so; Yet I remember *Heaven* is never offended at the importunity of our *Addresses*, and so passionate are my desires to live yours; as I choose rather to appear in this kind to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like *forgetfulness* (the *Grave* of *Friendship*) to entomb those affections of mine to your *Service*, which want not *Life*, though they are depriv'd of *Lustre*, proportionate to the esteem that your *Love* hath begot in my *Soul*, and which will certainly inhabit there whilst there is any sense in

Madam!

The most humble & affectionate of all your Servants,

*E. K.**A*

*A Lady to another, who had before sent her
Servants Letter to be perused by her.*

Madam!

THe last Post *enriched* me with a double treasure, you were not content to make me happy with your own ever-welcom Lines, but with an excess of kindness enclosed your *Servants* Letter too, that I might have pleasure in reading these ingenious strains, and rejoyce with you that you were so *witily* Courted; 'Twere vain to tell you, that 'twas a most pleasant Divertisement, and afforded me much Delight; The reflections upon your Person were *judicious*, the expressions generally *facetious*, and doubtless did distill from a knowing Pen, but whether Originally drawn, or only *transcribed* by your Servant, may possibly admit of a Query; If I am not mistaken I know the *Gentleman*, and guess his Person only to have a *borrowed* light from your Reflection, and eclipsed to every Eye besides; And presuming on your friendship, that you will pass a favourable censure on the Errour of my Love, if it be one, I take the boldness to think, he may be

be sick of the Diseases called *Covetousness* and *Ambition*, as well as that of *Love*, I begin Methinks to discover in you that commendable infirmity called *tenderness of Affection*, which I had rather you should applaud in another, than Practice in your self; There is a vice called *Rashness* in amorous as well as in Military proceeds, and though it seem an odd expression, 'tis in some sense true, *that many have been saved by Infidelity*. To be compassionate of the Sufferings of others in these days, ought to be accounted a weakness, since the world is so full of *Cheats*, and those who most noise the virtue of it, do so only to impose on others; were I worthy to advise you, I should counsel you not to proceed without much *Caution*; and if at last through consideration you shall think fit to tie the *indissoluble knot*, may your Joy bear date as long as your Life, and your *happiness* know no other bounds than your *wishes*; This is not only the earnest *desire*, but most fervent *Prayers* daily of her, who is

Yours most affectionately,

M. B.

The

The Answer.

Madam!

I Were *ungrateful* should I not humbly thank you for your kind Letter, and *stupid*, if I did not acknowledge it to contain more of freedom and reality, than another might expect, or I deserve, yet may I style it *tacitly complementary*; For though it contains no expression of flattery, yet 'tis a degree thereof to conceal apparent Truths, I expected your perfect *unmingled* thoughts, telling me the *Gallants* Pen was lavish in Expressions, how it roved far to fetch deserts for me, and then shew his wanton ingenuity in commending them; I looked when each Line of yours would have brought his Fancies to the rigid *Test* of Sincerity, and tryed them by that *Cordial*; But since Reality is so defective amongst our selves, so rarely used towards each other of the same Sex, it ceases to be miraculous, we do become such frequent Preys to the *common Enemies*, 'Tis in some sence the revolt of a Friend, to omit to acquaint me how his fancy moved in too high a *sphere* of borrowed Complements, as far above
Me,

Me, as the Persons they were intended for, you should have advised Me on forfeiture of my *Discretion* as well as *Modesty* not to own the application of such *Hyperbolies*; However, I excellently approve of your Cautions, and cannot but laugh to find you so jealous of my falling into *dotage*, But let me assure you, your kind *Fears* are vain, and I am far enough from that fools *Paradise*, being resolved to let my *Hyperbolizing* Lover sow his *Petitions* upon an unfruitful Rock, for such my heart shall prove whence he may expect a suitable *Harvest*; I find my self weary of writing, but shall never be so, of being,

Your humble and obliged Servant,

A. F.

To her Servant upon absence.

Sir!

I Will easily be perswaded that my *absence* occasions you no small *affliction*, since I measure the *violence* of your affection by the *Insisteness* of my own, and guess at what you *endure*, by what I my self *suffer*, yet must we of necessity resolve to be patient, since that is the only remedy, and all other courses

courses are probable to *increase* rather than *abbreviate* our Torments; Do not therefore undertake a journey to see Me, but expect some occasion or other, which (if my *Prayers* have any interest in *Heaven*) will soon offer it self; Comfort your thoughts with this hope, and the rather because I will partake in the sweetness of it; What need you fear? be assured, that if you Love Me *extremely*, I will revenge my self with the same Weapon; And if you be *Constant*, I will lose my *life*; rather than my *resolution* to die,

Thine most affectionately,

F. E.

To desire the continuance of her Letters.

Madam!

THough the favour I receive by your writing cannot be valued, and that it was not in my power to deserve it, yet you ought not to discontinue it; for why should you that are so charitable to all those that are in any *affliction*, withdraw your assistance from one that wrestles with so many kinds of it; Especially, since my greatest Misery, and which I am least able

to resist, is, that I am forced to remain at so great a *distance* from you; Or if this *regret* be attended by any other equally tormenting, it is for the absence of my dear Friends, those two fair young *Ladies* in your Company, I humbly desire you to acquaint them, and that *often*, That the passion I have for them is too great to be expressed; and let me ever have some place in their inclinations, where you your self have so much, that so we may there, since we cannot any where else, be altogether; for your own part, I beseech you once more not to deny me your Letters, 'tis a happiness which although I could not have hoped for, yet I cannot be without now you have accustomed me to it; deprive me not therefore of it, after you have so generously afforded it me, and do not herein oppose *two* Virtues which are so natural to you, your *Liberality* and your *Constancy*; And though 'tis beyond my power to satisfy this *obligation*, yet I shall not be wanting as to *wishes*, nor importune *Fortune* for any thing so much, as that I may be able to express otherwise than in words, how far I am

Madam, Yours,

S. W.

An

An Answer to the tempting Letter of a pretended Servant.

Sir !

I Received yours, and am very sorry you should put your *Brains* on the wrack, and send abroad so many pretty Complements upon no better *errand*, than to corrupt Honesty, and undermine Virtue; your protestations of an Honourable affection are drest in such *gawdy language*, that you must pardon me if I suspect their *Truth*, since they seem more Subtile than Real, and betray not so much *Passion* as *Art*; So that I should forfeit my Understanding as well as Modesty, should I dare to believe one word of your flattering Letter. I can see through all your Cob-web pretences, and know you do but *mask* your baser desires under Loves Sacred Name, the more easily to obtain your ends, which being arriv'd at, I should no longer be the Object of any of your Passions, except it were that of *Scorn*: In brief, Sir, the difference between your *Quality*, and my low *groveling* Condition, renders me incapable of being your *Wife*, and upon any other terms

I would defie the addressees of the greatest *Monarchs*; I therefore intreat you not to torment me any further with your vain *Importunities*, though as far as *Virtue* and *Honour* permit, you shall ever find me

Your Servant,

M. C.

*One Lady to another, condemning some Women
that are Proud because they are Chaste.*

Madam!

WE were last week to give *Esquire D.* a visit, where I had some time to study the strange humour of his Lady, one of the most *Imperious* and *Fantastick* that I ever beheld of our Sex; 'Tis said she first took up that *sullen deportment*, which now is grown habitual to her, for a *Guard* to her Modesty; And that her *Pride* is grounded on the high value she puts on her *Chastity*; 'Tis true, the loss of a *Womans Honour* is the greatest disgrace she can possibly incur, and which once gone, she hath nothing left that is worth the keeping; Yet it follows not, that to preserve it is; any such *glorious Art*; For I cannot admire any for not being willing

willing to live in Misery and Disgrace; I never heard a Woman praised for not running into Fire, or casting her self down a Rock: And though we condemn the Memory of *Self-murderers*, yet no *Rewards* are given to such as preserve themselves alive. Methinks a Woman that magnifies her self for being Chaste, doth no more than glory that she is not dead, or boast a Quality, without which 'twere better she were out of the World, since she stays not in it, but for a plague to her Name, and to behold her own Infamy: How vain is it for us to imagine because we want one *Vice*, therefore presently we have all *Virtues*; To think that as long as we are *Chaste*, we may lawfully be *peevish* and *discounteons*, and *scratch* Men, so we do not *kiss* them: *Virtue* needs no such *savage* Attendance: There are other *Virgins* besides the *Furies*, An honest Woman reforms the World by the *excellency* of her Life, not by the violence of her Spirit; Though she conquers, yet she proclaims not War against any, no not the most indiscreet and insolent; for if any *Licentious* or uncivil word chance to be uttered in her presence, she checks it either by giving no Ear, falling into some other discourse, or *darting* on the sawcy Speaker a *beam* of Modesty, that may cause his confusion,

fusion, and pierce his very Soul : Thus she *Chastises* without *Offending*, and *Corrects* without *Disobliging* ; For there is as well a *Severity* in *modesty* as a *sweetness*, and which is able to keep *Insolencie* it self in *Awe* ; A Woman that carries this excellent commanding Virtue in her Eye, keeps Men within the Bounds of Duty, without ever falling into Out-rage or words of Choller : other Virtues are hidden, and have nothing in them that is visible, or falls under sence : But this hath a body of *light*, and riseth up in the face in such lovely *stains*, that the *Purple* which appears at break of day, is nothing so rich and glorious, This honest *charming Blush* is a Barr, and sufficient defence against the audaciousness of the most impudent, and there is no Licentiousness that is not *dazel'd* with it, and stopt from daring to proceed : Which last word very *happily* puts me in mind how insufferably I abuse your Patience with my tedious impertinencies, and advises me to go on no further, but tell you that I am,

Most unfeinedly your

Friend & Servant,

T. B.

For

For Learned Women.

Madam!

THough it be no more than what *honesty* requires, and *Gratitude* enjoyns to confess those Debts we cannot pay; Yet knowing you ever relish more delight in doing *courtesies*, than in receiving *acknowledgements*: I fear your Modesty would misconstrue it, Complement, should I undertake to express but half those thankful resentment which I shall keep engraven on my Soul, for that noble entertainment you lately honoured me with: I protest I scarce ever think my self better imploy'd, than when my Memory is feasting me with the delights of your most ingenious Conversation, and those *innocent diversions* we there enjoyed, to which if I compar'd the pleasures that the world so closely hugs, are *base and drossie*: Amongst other things I cannot but sometimes reflect on that *Ladies* discourse, who so eagerly maintain'd, the last evening I had the happiness of your Society: That it was unfit for Women to Study, and I inveigh'd with passion against

those of our Sex that aspire to *Learning*, who would needs establish the *Salique Law* in Schools, and make the Muses forswear their Sex, and put on Breeches. I am sorry when I consider her as a Person Honoured with your Friendship; that I must differ from her Opinion, and do confess my self the least concerned of a thousand to *Apolo-*
gize, for knowledge whereof I am far enough from being Guilty, were it not that I hereby design to fortify our selves with *new Arms* for the support of our *Em-*
pire, wherein all the *homely Girls*, and *Re-*
verend Matrons at least are obliged in point of Interest to joyn, That so when Age or Sickness have blasted the *Roses* and *Lillies* of our Cheeks, plundered our Eyes of their *Kil-*
ling Artillery, and banished the Aery in-
viting Spirits thence, we may still have some Charms left to detain the fleeting hearts of our inconstant Gallants, and render them votaries to the *Wit* and *Learning* of our age, no less than to the springing *Beauty* of our Youth: Above all things I cannot with patience suffer the injury they do our Sex, who think we cannot be *Innocent*, unless we be *ignorant*, as if that which is Mans *Anti-*
dote, must be our *Poyson*, Or that a Lady should be ever the less Chaste, because she is able to speak the same Language *Lucretia*
did;

did; They doubtless are the most resolutely virtuous, who know why they are so: *Pallas* was not so vitious as *Venus*, and the Poets that fancy the Goddess of Love without *Modestie*, have fained her also without *Knowledge*: I promise my self to make you laugh when you read this wherein I begin to cite passages, like a young *Academick* that cannot patch up a Letter to his *Mother* without quoting *Authors*. But 'tis my zeal, *Madam*, that transports me to defend a Cause, wherein your self hath an Interest: I value the Learned, and wish my self so, if it be only that I may somewhat resemble you, and be able to testify with more dexterity and significant expressions how much I am

Your humble and obliged Servant,

S. W.

The Answer.

Madam !

I Saw yours in the hands of my Lady *Diana*, & had she not laid her commands on me to answer it, you had escaped this present trouble, for I seldom dote so much on my Sentiments as to engage for them with

G 4

disputes,

disputes, but freely abandon them to the Mercy of every *assailant* : if I could overcome you in any thing, I should choose to do it by my *Respects* rather than *Arguments*, such a Victory being more agreeable both to my *Duty* and *inclinations* : But the truth is, I can see no grounds of difference, nor any reason you have to put your self into a Passion against one who should never *forgive* her self, were she conscious of the least intent to displease you, I hope you will not easily believe me so Barbarous, as to wish all our Sex *Brutes* and *Idiots*. I know there is nothing more *fulsome* than a *she fool*, and therefore require in a Woman *natural Discretion*, and allow her the reading of *Romances*, with understanding enough to comprehend the Plot of a *Play*; I only except against their open pretending to Learning, & devoting themselves wholly to Study, as if they affected the Title of *Doctors*; When they attempt this, I fear they rarely acquire the Reputation of witty or Eloquent, without hazzarding that of being Modest, not that I pronounce Women incapable of Arts, or their *Capacities* too short to fathom the depths of Sciences, but humbly conceive we ought not to affect a *Wisdom*, contrary to that of our Sex,
nor

nor aim at Virtues out of fashion; For when all is done, I doubt our Learning and good parts will scarce keep our Servants from *Apostatizing*, when once their *Roses* and *Lillies* begin to wither: Modern Gallants look on the *Platonick way* as a Herefy or dull *Fanaticism* in Love, and carry too much *Flesh* about them to be enamoured meerly with *Intellectual Beauty*, or the ravishing strains of an *old Womans Rhetorick*: The languish Chaste *Lucretia* cloath'd her innocent thoughts in, was no doubt the same she suck'd in with her Mothers Milk: And you will never perswade Men, but that *one Tongue* is enough in Conscience for a Woman; Indeed I have been favourable to our Party one of that Sex would say, that Womens smattering in Learning only adds *Confidence* to their *natural impertinence*, and does no less mischief to their Souls, than *Painting* to their Faces, the one destroying their *native Colour*, the other enfeebling that small portion of *common sense* they are born to; But waving their Satyres, if I may freely confess my thoughts: I look upon Learning in Women, to be like Housing in great Purchases, which being chargable to maintain, and bringing in but inconsiderable profit, are therefore commonly but little valued. This, Madam! is my Opinion, wherein

wherein yet you shall find me no obstinate *Heretick*, but submitting all to your more improv'd Judgement, and ready to *Retract* at your Command any thing, save that Resolution I have taken up, *ever to be,*

Your most humble Servant,

H. G.

A Gentlewomans Answer to her former Servants Letter, charging her with Inconstancy.

Ser!

IF you knew with what *violence*, and how unwillingly I was constrained to this Change you so much complain of, I am confident you would think me more worthy of *Pity* and *Pardon*, than *Reproach*: I know you are not ignorant of a *Parents Power*, and of those natural Obligations of *Duty* which we are bound to *pay those* to whom we owe our Lives. Nor are you unacquainted with the rigid *Austerity* of my Fathers Temper, who will have his *Will* an indispenfible *Law* to all under his obedience, and had taken up a Resolution never to own me

me more for his Child, if I did not forthwith comply with his *commands*; Nor could all my *Tears* or *Intreaties* any way mitigate, but rather increase his *Fury*: Consider I pray what could I do in such a case, when you are truly informed how things past, I dare make your Self my Judge, what interest soever you pretend to have in the Cause; and doubt not but you will acquit me, if upon such weighty considerations I have made my *Inclinations* stoop to my *Obedience*; The only consideration that now remains to Me, is, that though I have lost the Quality of your *Mistress*, yet I will everlastingly conserve that, of

Sir,

Your friend and Servant

*in all that's virtuous to
the utmost of my power,*

H. T.

*One Gentlewoman to another descanting on the
News of a Ladies death.*

Madam!

I Could not read in your last the news of our common friend, the Lady C's. death, without paying a deluge of Tears as a Tribute

bute to her dear Memory : Had she but lived till *Autumn*, or even *Midsomer*, the Funeral of many pretty Flowers had attended her *Urn*, and been ambitious to adorn her *Herse* : But she has inverted the Season, this *Flower of Beauty* dyed when the *Beauty of Flowers* should spring, and so has not only left a withered World, but prevented the Blowth of all that should garnish it; For Flowers now are disheartened to open their fragrant Colours, since their *Prime Pattern* is so immaturately cropt, and seem to intend, because she's *Intombed* under Earth, to keep themselves there to accompany her Dust; In her Early fall all *Beauties*, all *Fortunes* have exprest what Fortunes and Beauties are : Here we may behold the fate of Fairness, the frailty of the purest *Clay*, that feature, and white and red could imbellish; Here we read the *up shot* of all worldly Glory, the Epilogue of this Temporary life, (*viz.*) *Painful Death*, *Meager*, *Frightful looks*, a *Cold Tomb*, a *naked Skeleton*, and deformed *Dust*, ingendering loathsome *Worms*. Oh how happy are they, or rather will they be, who by others Deaths learn to *live*, and live such Lives as fear not Death; who in others Funerals seriously read their own *Motto*, *Dust we are*, and all mortal things momentany. The
contem-

contemplation of this good Ladies unexpected Decease, intrances me to a forgetfulness of all other Subjects; And therefore I shall at present conclude with my Prayers to Heaven for you, and all yours, amongst whom I beseech you refuse not to Account,

Madam!

London, April
12, 1671.

Your Servant,
S. C.

An Invitation in the Spring into the Countrey.

Dearest Madam!

HOW can you still continue deaf to our intreaties, and Martyr thus the hopes of all your friends that languish for your Society? Oh! Suffer not that *Smoakie City* (an enemy to *Peace* and *Beauty*) any longer to engross you, but disintangle your self off its Confusions, and bless us speedily with your Company, who with so much impatience expect it; Could I hope ever the sooner to prevail, I would *Tempt* you to it, by a brief *Description* of that Paradise we here enjoy, which yet by reason of your absence can afford us but an imperfect and sickly delight: Our House is so pleasantly situated

scituated, and beget with such a variety of Natures blessings, as I know not whether it affords more satisfaction to the greedy Eye that hunts for *profitable* Objects, or that which gads after *delightful* ones, on one side 'tis overlookt by *Hills* of such a stature, that to climb them each morning, would soon prove a Cure for the most inveterate *Green-Sickness*, but they doubly requite the pains of ascending when once you are got up, their *proud Brows* being fann'd with such a delicious Air, as if it be true, *Cameleons* which receive no other food, here they might have a perpetual Feast; Your Eyes may dally with a sweet variety of *Prospect*, and can scarce be perswaded to be weary, since so much diversity renews their Pleasure : On the other side you have a full view of flowry fruitful *Meadows*, that in their rich Embroidered Bravery court this sweet seat with Semicircular Embraces, you would sometimes take them for a very *calm Sea*, but when the least wind comes to wanton there, they become a *Proud Ocean* full of waves, whose face furrow'd with frowns, makes the pretty little *Flowers* tremble for fear of being swallowed up : This curious *Carpet* of Green is so large, that ones Eye affrighted to have run so long without finding any Coast, makes one conceit what terminates

Terminates the sight, is the *End* of the world, and that the place being so full of *Charms* hath forc'd the *Heavens* to stoop and unite themselves to the *Earth*; Coming down another way, you are entertained with a *Stately Grove* that strikes the fancy with something of *Veneration*, the *Oaks* that compose it lay their heads together as in *Consultation* to keep out the intruding *Sun-beams*, and for their height put one in doubt, whether the *Earth* bears them, or they carry the *Earth* at their *Roots*, you may fancy their towering *Tops* are forced to bend under the weight of the *Celestial Orbs* which they with a hollow kind of groaning support, & stretching their *Arms* to embrace *Heaven*, seem to begg of the *Stars* they may receive their *Influences* altogether pure: A little further, you meet under every *Hedge side* (which by the way are compr's'd of *Cherry-trees*, and *Honey-Suckles*, intermingled *Poesies* of *Flowers*, that having had no other *Gardener*, but *Nature*, perfumes the *Air* with sharp fragrant exhalations that at once both quicken and satisfy the sense of *Smelling*, the sweet *Innocence* of a *blushing Rose* enriched with *Eglantine*, and the glorious *Purple* of an *Azure Violet* under a bush of *Sweet Bryars*, leaving not the liberty of *Choice*, make us
judge

judge they are *both one fairer than the other*;
Our Silver *Medway* comes running for haſt
to water this *Eden*, and ſees the Pillows of
its head *Enamelled* with Trees and Flowers,
who throng about as if they diſputed which
ſhould vein themſelves firſt in its *Chriſtal*
ſtreams; This River is ſo *unwilling* to go
hence, that it caſts it ſelf into a 100 Turn-
ings and *Serpentine Curls*, and at laſt cannot
but murmur as it paſſes towards *Rocheſter*,
that 'tis forced to ſwim away from the So-
ciety of ſo many Beauties; In the mean
time every walk ſeems a large *Muſick-room*,
and the *Cuckoo* ſings ſo loud as if ſhe'd force
your *Cockneys* to hear her, and a 1000
more pleaſing voices of the *Feathered Cho-
riſters* raviſh one with their innocent Songs,
the ſprightful aſſembling of whoſe melo-
dious throats is ſo general, that you would
think each *leaf* hath taken the ſhape and
Tongue of the *Nightingale*; Sometimes
you ſhall hear them merrily *Tickle* a Con-
ſort, another while they'l *drag* and make
their Muſick languish; By and by they'l
paſſionate an Elegy by interrupted *Sobs* like
a forſaken Lover, and then again ſoften
the violence of their Voice the more ten-
derly to excite pity: At laſt, raiſing their
Harmony, what with their *Crotchets* and
warbling, they ſend forth their *Lives*, and
their

their *Voices* together. But I have run my self out of *Breath* as well as they ; Wherefore to conclude, Here is the *Perpetual Spring*, here is Nature in *Swadling-clouts*, a Place to which *Pride* and *Envy* are strangers, and where a body may *laugh* with all ones heart, the only Remains of the *Golden Ages* happy simplicity ; If our Prayers and your own *Interest* to share in these delights, do not attract you hither speedily. I will conclude you *insensible*, turn *Rebel*, and and commit so great a violence on my *inclinations*, as to deny my self to be.

Your Servant,

S. T.

To her Servant that had deserted his Suit on the first Denyal.

Sir !

I Expected either to have *seen*, or *heard* further from you having too good an opinion of your Valour to think you would quit the Siege for so small a Repulse; could you expect I should so far forget my *Modesty*, and the usual Doctrine of our Sex,

H

as

as to yield at first Summons, and declare my Inclinations at the third visit, without having the least proof or *experience* of your Love or Constancy. I must confess (for I dare write what I durst not speak, since this Paper cannot blush though I may) that I do not hate you. After this declaration I expect you should with the common humour of your Sex, slight that, as thrown upon you, which with so much *Ardency* you seemed before to Court; But you may do so if you please, without incurring the guilt of *Murder*, for I am confident I shall never *die* for you; though perhaps in Complement I may tell you, that whilst I live, I will be,

Your Servant,

D. E.

To a Lady at Tunbridge-Wells.

Madam!

I Am tempted to believe those *Waters* you daily drink of, may be derived from that infernal *Lethe*, whose forgetful quality I have heard *Poets* talk of; for certainly nothing else could so *totally* wash your friends out of your Memory: The common *Al-*
manack

manack reckons it more than *six Weeks* (and judge how many *Ages* is that in *loves Calculation*) since I saw you, or heard any more of you, than if you had been in the other world; But perhaps I might esteem my self happy, were it only *Oblivion* I ought rather to fear *Reflection* on my unworthiness hath moved you out of meer *Contempt* to this silence; If my misfortune be come to that *extremity*, let me, I intreat you, to take the pains at least to tell me so, that I may not sustain so invaluable a loss without putting on *mourning*. But I must not be tedious, having some Reason to imagine you are as little in humour to *read Letters*, as you are to *write* them; which makes me *scruple* to conclude this in the usual form, But to content my self with being, without daring to tell you so,

Your most humble and

affectionate Servant,

T. D.

judge they are *both one fairer than the other* ; Our Silver *Medway* comes running for haſt to water this *Eden*, and ſees the Pillows of its head *Enamelled* with Trees and Flowers, who throng about as if they diſputed which ſhould vein themſelves firſt in its *Chriſtal ſtreams* ; This River is ſo *unwilling* to go hence, that it caſts it ſelf into a 100 Turnings and *Serpentine Curls*, and at laſt cannot but murmur as it paſſes towards *Rochefter*, that 'tis forced to ſwim away from the Society of ſo many Beauties ; In the mean time every walk ſeems a large *Muſick-room*, and the *Cuckoo* ſings ſo loud as if ſhe'd force your *Cockneys* to hear her, and a 1000 more pleaſing voices of the *Feathered Cho-riſters* raviſh one with their innocent Songs, the ſprightful aſſembling of whoſe melodious throats is ſo general, that you would think each *leaf* hath taken the ſhape and Tongue of the *Nightingale* ; Sometimes you ſhall hear them merrily *Tickle* a Conſort, another while they'l *drag* and make their Muſick languish ; By and by they'l paſſionate an Elegy by interrupted *Sobs* like a forſaken Lover, and then again ſoften the violence of their Voice the more tenderly to excite pity : At laſt, raiſing their Harmony, what with their *Crotchets* and warbling, they ſend forth their *Lives*, and
their

their *Voices* together. But I have run my self out of *Breath* as well as they ; Wherefore to conclude, Here is the *Perpetual Spring*, here is Nature in *Swadling-clouts*, a Place to which *Pride* and *Envy* are strangers, and where a body may *laugh* with all ones heart, the only Remains of the *Golden Ages* happy simplicity ; If our Prayers and your own *Interest* to share in these delights, do not attract you hither speedily. I will conclude you *insensible*, turn *Rebel*, and and commit so great a violence on my *inclinations*, as to deny my self to be;

Your Servant,

S. T.

To her Servant that had deserted his Suit on the first Denyal.

Sir !

I Expected either to have *seen*, or *heard* further from you having too good an opinion of your Valour to think you would quit the Siege for so small a Repulse; could you expect I should so far forget my *Modesty*, and the usual Doctrine of our Sex,

Another to the same.

Madam !

AT last I have extorted a Letter from you, with a kind invitation, for which I humbly thank you, and am heartily sorry the *Tyranny* of some important occasions doth this Summer debar me of that extraordinary *happiness*; for such I must ever esteem the enjoyment of your dear Company, the absence whereof I intreat you to supply with your *Pen*: And since you have condescended to Honour me with your friendship, I will venture on the boldness of troubling you with a request; that you would in your *next* afford me a brief account of your Observations on the *Tunbridge-Water*, its *Nature* and *Use*; the *Diseases* it may properly be taken for, and the Method you use in drinking it; I know your *inquisitive ingenuity* cannot but have many excellent *Remarques* during your residence there, and I promise my self you will not deny to communicate them to one that is more than any in the world,

Your affectionate friend,
and humble Servant,

T. D.

A

A Citizens Wife to her Husband in the country

Dear Heart!

I Am glad you have at last remembered your self to write to me, who thought each *Day* an *Age* till I heard from you; I am very joyful to understand your Journey hath hitherto proved so *prosperous*, and that you have endured your Travails without impairing your Health; I want words to express my *thanks* to our kind Countrey Friends that court you with such welcom and kind Entertainment: But if ever I am blest with an opportunity, I shall endeavor to make them some part of amends; In the mean time as an *earnest* of any Gratitude, pray present my Respects to them as are due in the most *obliging* manner you can; your affairs there in own (thanks be to God) go very well, and we want nothing but your *Presence*; Let not the pleasures of the *Tempting Season*, or indulgent *Caresses* of those friends you are with, detain you; Remember you must come *home* at last, and the sooner, the better: But I refer all to your *discretion*, and with my true Love passionately remembered to you, remain, expecting your *long'd for* Return,

Your most affectionate Wife till death,

H 3

E. B.

*The Answer, giving an Account of the nature,
and use of the Tunbridge-wells.*

Madam!

THe Task you were pleased to impose on me in your last, would better become a *Virtuoso's* Pen, than a head so *weak* as mine, whose *Philosophy* reaches little farther than to observe that the Water you enquire after sometimes make me *Sick*, and oft-times very hungry; To discourse pertinently on such an abstruse Subject, requires a large Stock of knowledge in *Minerals*, Those secret Treasures which our Mother Earth seems to *Envy* her Children, till they (like unnatural *Nero's*) digging up her Bowels, force her to *discover* them; But I must make no *excuses* when you command, and shall therefore say something to shew my *Obedience*, though at the same time it discover my *Ignorance*. These *Tunbridge-wells* (which we may fitly style our *English Spaw*) bubble up in a Valley surrounded with stony Hills that are rendred remarkable by divers Rocks, which standing above ground carry some resemblance with the wonderful *Stonehinge*, the Common they are

are scituate on, is naturally so barren, as if it were designed for the Habitation of *Famine*; But this sterility provident *Nature* hath sufficiently compensated by these *medicinal waters*, which yearly attracting a vast Concourse of the Prime *Noblesses* and *Gentry*, affords very considerable Advantages to the neighbouring *Inhabitants*, with whom on that account these *Heaths* (formerly as solitary as *Arabian Deserts*) are now very populously furnished; the water of these Springs is somewhat bitter, or rather relishing of the rust of those *Iron-mines* through which (as in a *Limbeck*) it hath been *distill'd* in its Subterranean passage; which renders it a little ungrateful to the coy taste of such as come out of meer *wantonnes* to ripple there; But when it hath been *familiariz'd* by use a while it soon becomes less *nauseous*; And 'tis certain one can never be able to drink half so much of any other Liquor, (though never so pleasant) as one may of this; Its Operation is chiefly *Diuretick* or provoking Urine, and is therefore excellent against all Diseases caused by Obstructions; as tedious *Agues*, *Dropsies*, *Faundies*, *Scurvy*, *Green-Sickness*, &c. It cuts and attenuates all tough clammy *Flegms*, Scoureth and cleanseth all the passages of Urine, And therefore is good against *Gravel*, and the

Stone in the Kidneys or Bladder, provokes the *Appetite*, strengthens the *Nerves*, and their Original the *Brain*; removes *Rheums* and Distillations, *Convulsions*, *Migrains*, or *Vertigo's*; Besides, they say it hath some good influence upon the *A-la-mode Disease*, and that diverse *Gallants* who have received *signal testimonies* of their *Mistresses* kindness frequently come hither to wash them off. In brief, as 'tis an *Empirical* remedy, so it hath been tryed in most *Distempers*, and in divers hath produced excellent Effects. Before we use it, (such especially as have Bodies replete with gross Humours) ought to prepare themselves by Purging, leatt the *Veins* not able to give passage to such a *Deluge* of peccant Humours, as this water will suddenly draw down, the same should be obstructed, and so inflame or putrify; The best time to visit these *Salubrious* Fountains, is in clear dry weather soon after the *Rising Sun* hath guilded the Mountain tops with his Golden Beams; For afterwards, as he climbs higher towards his *Mid-day Throne*, he attracts the *mineral Spirits*, and the water looseth some of its strength and vigour, as it likewise doth by being warmed, or bottled up, and carryed any distance, though never so close Corkeed and Pitched over. But I grow as tedious as I have been all this while

while *Impertinent* ; Let me seduce you to a Rebellion against those *tyrannick* Occasions that detain you, shake off their Fetters, and come your self to enjoy the Pleasures of this delightful place ; To render these Waters yet more *Salutiferous* by your using them, but especially to revive her who languishes for your Society, and is,

*The humblest of
your Servants,*

R. L.

To her Servant with a Sum of Money formerly borrowed of him.

Sir !

I Herewith return the *Money*, which out of your great Civility you were pleased to *lend Me*, having made use of it, as *long* as I had occasion ; I do it not to *disoblige* my self from your Affection, but that I may not be wanting to my self, I know your Generosity expects no *Interest* but Thanks which I beseech you to accept with this *assurance* that the sense of this Obligation shall never terminate but with the last period of *her* Life, who is,

*Your much obliged
Friend and Servant,*

D. K.

A yielding Amorosa to her Gallant.

Sir !

BEeing Honour'd by your *favour*, I ought to be grateful by my *Correspondence*, since should I slight the *Amour* of a Person so accomplisht I should prejudice my own Interest, by depriving my self of a greater *Glory* than I dare pretend to deserve; Could *Gratitude* consent I should be beloved, without returning your Love; yet *Justice* would not allow me to enjoy those *Graces*, without *Exchange of Obligation*; Be therefore assured of my *Affection*, and resolve not to answer Me but in Person at——— where the Comfort of your Presence shall be expected by

Your faithful Servant,

M. B.

On the Inconstancy of her Servant.

Madam!

AT length my *Prophecies* are accomplished, what I foresaw is come to pass; Mr. *L.* is yet alive, but his affection which he so oft hath sworn should be immortal, is *dead for ever*, his Oaths serve only to aggravate his Crime, as if he fear'd he should not be guilty enough to own the quality of *unconstant*, unless he added that of *perjur'd* too; Yet hath not this surprized me; I expected not less from the very Birth of our Amour; Nor could those years he hath spun out in pretence to serve Me, work my thoughts to another Belief: I know well that *Inconstancy* to Men is like *Death* to all the world, which arrives to some *sooner*, to others *later*, but with a little difference of time is inevitable to *all*; How could he then being but a Man, do a *Miracle*, and remain *Constant*, when all his Sex are unavoidably prone to *Change*? You see I am so far from reproaching this *fickle humour*, that I contrive *excuses* for his infidelity, whereby you may guess I cannot with ease *raze* out of my heart on a sudden that esteem I sometimes

sometimes had for him; for since my thoughts of him have always been reasonable, conform'd to the strictest rules of civility, I flatter my self that I may keep them the residue of my life, if it be only to upbraid his Inconstancy. But if I preserve so good an Opinion of those who have lost Affection, and merited so ill, judge then, *Madam!* how much I must needs respect those that *Love* me as *your self*, and how constant I am like to remain in the resolution I have made to be, whilst *I* live,

Yours,

D. D.

The Answer.

Madam!

TIs no great glory to be such a *Prophet* as you, and very easie to Predict that Men may change, since they are no more *Invariable* than *Immortal*, their Designs being as capable of alteration as their Life; But what say you in this, that *Men* cannot say of *Women*; I cannot comprehend how our Resolutions should be less fickle, nor why the Opinions of the *weaker Sex* should be

be more *strong* or *fixed*, I hope I shall not offend the *Constant*, if I confess that some are not, as 'tis more rare, so 'tis more laudable, that That Virtue being most glorious to the practice of which we are the *least disposed*; But if you had any Conjecture of this Weathercocks humour, why did you not prevent the *Tragedy*: Had I seen his design, I would have been before-hand with him, by a generous Contempt; I would have remedied the ill I knew, and not taken pleasure to receive *Tenders of Service*, I suspected: However, still to go about to play the *Constant* is *Heretic*, I would willingly laugh you out of: Is it not most absurd to *whine* for the loss of a Heart not worth the the keeping; For what Merit can you find in one that doth not acknowledge *Yours*: For my part I shall never imagine that Person *guilty of Wit*, that hath thus slighted his own good *Fortune*, nor think him able to make a *handsom Choice*, that hath once abandoned you: Will you condemn your self to their misfortune who are inclined to those that have neither *affection* nor *deserts*, and who are passionate for such as are neither *amorous* nor *amiable*: rouse your Soul out of this doting *Liturgie*, Let your Reason banish this fond Passion, and disdain fill up the room of affection; give me

further oportunitie of having your goodnes abused by those that know your facility, *I* speak the *Language* of my Heart, and hope you will take nothing ill *I* write, since all the *freedom* *I* presume on, is grounded on the extream desire *I* have to shew my self,

Your real Friend and

humble Servant,

K. L.

A Gentlewoman to another whom she had promised to write to.

Madam!

THe inconsiderate Promise *I* made to give you an account of my Thoughts by *Letters* during thir tedious absence, was grounded upon a just sence of my *Obligations* and Duty, without the least reflection upon my *Disabilities* for such a performance; And in this respect though *Oblivion* might justly dig a Grave for that Engagement, and disoblige me without breach of Faith, yet seriously *I* had much rather discover my *Imperfections* in this kind (which

I

I hope your Judgement will pass by) than than be any ways wanting in my Acknowledgements and respects to one to whom I stand indebted for so many *signal favours*, a Crime which *Love* it self could never pardon, nor *Gratitude* allow of,) Since therefore you are pleased to expect as a *delight*, that which with a safe Conscience you may name your *trouble*; Let me intreat you to accept this small *Tribute*, which I intend (God willing) *weekly* to pay you, as an *Earnest* of the inexpressible affection of

Madam!

Your most obliged Servant,

N. L.

An Answer to a Letter over lavish in Praises.

Madam!

YOU have so overdone your self in in *lavish* acknowledgements, of what a silent acceptance had more than requited, as I cannot be just unless I accuse you of a *loving error*. I will confess my self *vain* enough to bear the weight of very considerable Praises, but you are so *cruel* as to oppress me with insupportable burthens, which

which make me concerned in *Charity*; I mean such a *Charity* as begins at home, to attest my own *modesty*, by disclaiming what you would *unjustly* entitle me to; Such *gawdy expressions* will cast a *Suspicion* upon the *reality* of our *Friendship*, which is content with its native *Ornaments* without being seen to *set it* in such borrowed *Attire* as flattering *Politicians* cloath her *Conceits* in. I like their discreet management of *Affection* that can *Love* most *violently*, and yet protest it *meekly*, and with calmness; That can give *Merit* suitable *Acknowledgements*, yet not meerly on *Confidence* of a little *good Nature* raise *Pyramides* of *Praise* and *Applauses* befitting *Hero's*; But least in being too curious herein, I should seem to act the *subtle Angler*, who withdraws the *Bait*, that the *Fish* may swallow it more *greedily*; Let me divert my *Pen* to acquaint you, that your *Letter* found all our *Society* in *Health*, who Honour you beyond expression, though below your *Merit*, we have lately taken up a new kind of *Employment*; At our private Meetings with much freedom to *descant* and commend each others *Beauty* and *Persons*, as Men do one anothers *Parts*, and without the least partiality call our selves *deserving*, according to our own *Dijudication*, and
by

By that Sentence as by the *Standard* we value our selves in all other Company ; We know that Men should be the more competent Judges, but they are so fraught with *Interest* and *Flattery*, that no Credit is to be given to their Verdict; There is, we are confidently perswaded, scarce *half* a real Man to be found in this large *City*; 'Tis their Infidelity which first forced us upon this Tryal, which we make both our business and recreation, I pray make us as suddenly happy as you can with your good Company, mean time I am,

affectionately Yours,

S. B.

An Answer to her Servant too familiar in his Letter.

Sir !

YOU certainly flatter your self by conceiting some strange kind of *Power* in your two hours Courtship, and seem to be very highly opinionated of its Efficacie, that can talk to me of your *Amour* already thus familiarly ; But I must take leave to let you know, this *disrespective* style you treat me in, is too dangerous a Return of
I the

the favour I shewed in not denying your Suit to write to me, one *casual meeting* hath emboldened you further than would become the 10th Letter, or an *half years* acquaintance : Sure I am, I dropt no such encouragement whereon you might build your *Presumptions*; However, since your Lines speak nothing of incivility, though too much *forwardness*, I shall conceal your Crime, pass by this as the first Offence, and partly charge the fault on Love, and be my self more careful hereafter how I give you occasions to boast of any favours so *easily* received; I have withstood *vollies* of *Complements*, and beheld the fond Fires of Lovers, and been neither *captivated* with the one, nor *melted* with the other; and why should you suppose your self sole Heir to *Cæsar's* Fortune, that you need but *come* and *see*, and then *conquer* Ladies hearts (more difficult oftentimes to be taken in than a *Garrison*) at one and the same instant; I thank my *Stars*, the waggish Boy with the *Bow*, (whom only *Poets and Fools* own for a Deity) could never strike me so *blind*, as not to take care and time in discerning between a *whining fondness* and true desert; According as your behaviour is, so you may expect to *rise*, or be put back in my Affection, and fortunately by degrees you
may

may arrive to that which you pretend so much to sigh for, and Time and Love may give me the boldness to name, At present,

Farewel,

E. D.

A Lady to her Kinswoman descanting on Beauty.

Dearest Cousen!

That excellent Picture you drew in your last of the young Lady N. and the excessive Praiser you bestow on her *Beauty*, are such as might justify a *servant* of hers to grow *Jealous*, and take you for one of his *Rivals* disguised in Petticoats; I am glad to see you so far a stranger to that common *ill-humour* of our Sex, whose *envy* will seldom permit them to allow any Woman *handsome* but themselves; I shall not take the boldness to say, that you seem to put too great a value, or are too prodigal of your admiration, to bestow it thus on so frail a good; Since I know *Beauty* is a quality of Heaven, and one of the most glorious marks that it bestows upon Earth,

That the *fair rule* without Guards, and can never be seen without *respect and acclamations*, that they force our wonder, and *triumph* as often as they appear; Yet let me tell you, their Triumphs are but *short*, and an Age is coming on apace, wherein they will be ashamed to consult their now *beloved Oracle* the Looking Glass; Their youth is not *everlasting*, but each *Sun* that beholds their Beauty wasts it; Those *She-Divinities* which the last Age courted with Idolatrous Adorations are now but *loathsome Carcasses*, or *dry Bones* that have neither Skin nor Flesh, besides Diseases oftentimes save *old age* the labour of demolishing these pretty Fabricks, whilst we stand half frightened to behold the *Spoil and Ruines* of a late admired Face, upon which the heavy foot of *Sickness* hath trodden and left its gastly Impressions. Nor is there any prospect wherein we may more *lively* observe the lamentable Marks of the inconstancy of all Humane things. Hence I conclude, that this external *Eye-pleasing* Beauty, being a thing so *tender and fleeting*, subject to so many Accidents, and so hard to keep, 'tis but fit we should seek after *another* more *firm* and permanent (whereof this is scarce worthy to be termed the *Shadow*) A Beauty that can withstand Corruption, and
defies

defies all the assaults of *Time*, that is encircled with perfect *Glory* always flourishing, and which for its *duration* runs parallel with *Eternitie*; Above all, methinks 'tis most unreasonable, that we should be proud of a quality that is *infamous* for the Shipwreck of so many Consciences, which renders those that possess it obnoxious to so many *Temptations*, and which as *innocent* and *chaste* as it can be, will yet be a cause to raise in *others* a thousand lewd desires and *unhallowed thoughts*; Ought we not rather to be afraid of a thing so inconvenient to our selves, and *dangerous* to others? But I know M. D. will swear I *blaspheme* all this while, or perhaps that I *bark* against Beauty, (as *Dogs at strangers*) meerly because my *own* face is unacquainted with it; Let me therefore begg of you to conceal this from him, and to oblige you thereunto the rather, I will *release* your patience of the present trouble as soon as I have told you, that I am,

Wholly, and without reservation,

Yours,

E. P.

A Ladie in the Countrey to one at London.

Madam!

BEfore the *Stupifying Charms* of Time, Absence, variety of new acquaintance, and other Ingredients that compose *oblivion* have quite blotted your old country friends out of your Memory, I hope you will not interpret it an unbecoming boldness, if I presume to address a few Lines to awaken our friendship which will soon languish, if we once suffer it to lie *speechless*; My affection claims no small Interest in your good Fortune, and should rejoyce in your informing me of the success of your proceedings, since your arrival at *London*, which I suppose a very good *Market* for young Beauties to go off in, the *Court* and *City* bounding with variety of *Husbands*, And therefore I make the more haste to write, least *Matrimonie* should rob you of your Name, and I not know by what Title to send to you; if you are engaged in an *Amour* or Matrimonial bargain, I heartily wish you *good luck* or *Foy*, or if you be already Sped, our dull Countrey is destitute of variety, and a fine *Horse*, or good *Dog*, ravishes

ravishes our Gentlemen more than the most exquisit *Beauty*; so that we may live till aged in *Virginie* here, before any will offer that acceptable *Theft* to rob us of our *Willows*, and the *maxim* will ever be approved, *An old Woman's never handsom*; Pray give me an account what you have observed there, for I almost long to be with you, with the same earnestness as I am,

Yours,

D. W.

The Answer.

Adam !

YOU injure our *Sacred Amity*, to think Time or Absence (the *Moths* of common Friendship (can eat out, or in the least impair ours, which being of the same piece, shall last equally with our Souls; Had not necessary Visits, and for some dayes indisposition of Body since I arrived here, deprived me of that happiness, my *Letter* had prevented *Yours*, in Answer to which I must acquaint you, that as far as my short Observation reaches, (and in this particular you may easily believe I have been inquisitive,) *Willows* grow as usually here, as in the Countrey, and flourish altogether

as long; for though Men are frequent in other Robberies, yet they are Cautious sufficiently in Thefts of that Nature, the City is too quick sighted, amongst the Purblind Countrey Esquires you may pick up a Husband swaddled in *wealthy Acres*, whose lusty appetite fondly digests what the *squeamish stomach* of the gluttoned Courtier surfeits at; If you are Jealous I misinform you, be pleased to come hither and undeceive your self; Men Court here, the *Ten thousand Pounds*, and enquire what Golden Showers have fallen into our *Laps* before they will vouchsafe us a visit: I was shew'd a Citizen last Sunday, one whom Nature made in Jest, or *huddled* up in such hast, that she forgot to give him the Characters of a Man, his Face was as lovely as the Sign of the *Saracens*, and his Mouth so wide, that I feared his Head would fall into it: In brief, he had not one good *feature* in his Countenance, nor tollerable *Lineament* in his whole Composition, only by Trade he was a *Druggist* (a Calling necessary to render his natural Scent less offensive to the company) This pert *Baboon* cannot speak of a Wife with less than *Six hundred Pounds* Portion: On the other side, the Courtiers are for the most part nothing but *gawdy Butterflies*, Barren both of solid worth and Estate,
empty

fill'd with Air, and mounted in *Opinions* empty Scale without any *Gold* to depress the other. In fine, here are none which Court *Beauty* seriously, or *Virtue* at all; The further I enquire, the less I like it; As my information increases you may expect to hear; At present I can give you but cold encouragement, for your removal hither, unless bribed by Self-interest I should do it, to enjoy the wish for happiness of your Company and Opportunities of assuring you more frequently, and at less distance that I am,

Yours most affectionately,

A. F.

A Lady to a Gentleman of whom her Husband was jealous.

Sir!

TIs not only with *blushes*, but *Tears*, that I presume to write to you, being grieved to publish my *Husband's* folly, which I know 'tis my duty to couceal; Nor should I attempt it, did not necessity throw me on this Exigent; So it is, that my most tender affection that never stray'd from him,
nor

nor my unspotted *Chastitie*, which I desire no longer to live than preserve pure and unblemisht, are not capable to defend him from the infection of *Jealousie*, and not content most ungratefully to wrong Me, his Folly, or Frenzy rather, hath reflection on *You*; But as your innocence can justly warrant my Honour from the least shadow of that Crime, so that we may both endeavour rather to *quench* than *enflame* this his irregular Passion, which so much torments him, and *afflicts* Me: I most humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit Me, nor be familiar with him; So *Time* perhaps may wear out of his thoughts, that which at present *Truth* and *Reason* cannot, Your Generosity assures me of this courtesy, and the discreet concealing thereof, which I will repay with *thanks*, and requite with *Prayers* that your *Fortunes* may attend your *Wishes*, and your *happiness* prove as glorious as your *Merits*,

Your humble and

obliged Servant,

J. T.

To a Lady on the death of her Child.

Madam!

THat Zeal I have always profess'd to your Service, suffers me not to be silent when I understand you have so much *need* of assistance to rescue you out of that deluge of Grief, wherein the death of the *Sweet Babe* your Son hath involv'd you, to be depriv'd of so precious a *pledge of Nature* almost as soon as 'twas given, cannot I confess but find abundant matter for *Tears* in a disposition so natural and good as yours; and they may justly be pronounced *insensible* that shew not a touch of lively Sorrow on so sad and pungent a *disaster*; Yet, *Madam!* give me leave to say, *be comforted*, and this (wer't in my power,) I would *effect*, by offering to your consideration, that there is a time for all things, and a mean to be observed, what could not be denyed to your *sweetness*, must be moderated by your *Discretion*; Those whom God makes *Parents*, he makes but *Nurses* of his own *Children*, and if he hath so soon discharged you of this Obligation, 'tis not so much a *Cross*, as a *Blessing*; Reflect not
with

with grief on the pains of your Travel, but rather *rejoyce* that the *Throws* brought forth a *Saint*, and esteem those *Pangs* happy that were endured, so soon to enthrone a part of your self amongst *Angels*; Had it liv'd to *maturer age*, perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foresaw danger both to it and you: It might have been unfortunate in *Life* or in *Death* unhappy; Be it so, or not, this is certain, that the *Body* is but the *Souls Prison*, wherein how much the longer 'tis confin'd, so much the longer is it not only d. barred of its true and perfect happiness, but also offends its Creator, and consequently in some respects is *miserable*; Therefore would Heaven make your *Sweet Infants Cradle* its *Death bed* to hasten its Bliss, and recall its pure Soul before defiled with the actual blemishes of Sin: Had it liv'd it could have afforded you no comfort; but by being in *Health, Prosperity, and Pious*; And can it be more *Pious* than in *Heaven*? more prosperous than when 'tis crowned with *everlasting Glory*? or more healthful than in the enjoyment of *Immortalitie*? Oh consider, 'tis now past all *Danger*, 'tis freed from all *miseries*, 'tis blessed in all *blessedness*: And can there be any *Grief* so unjustly violent, that this cannot assuage? Any *Sorrow* so great, that these Considerations cannot

cannot Console? Nor doubt, *Madam!*
but he that gave you *this dear pledge* of his
Love, will give you *more*; As he was plea-
sed to take this away, and to bestow on
it Happiness almost as soon as *Being*,
thereby to try your *Virtue* and *Piety*,
So be confident he will be a very bountiful
and sure Rewarder of your *Patience*,
both in the fruitfulness of Soul and Body,
I will here therefore end, and for a *last*
Comfort, which comprehends all others,
Conjure you to conform to his ever good
pleasure. and resign *your Will* to his whom
depends all our happiness and Consolation,
That his *Grace* may assist you herein, shall
daily be the Prayer of,

Dear Madam!

Your affectionate Friend,

M. D.

An

*An Answer from a Gentlewoman in the
Country to her Servant.*

Dear Friend !

WERE it possible for me to be *Angry* with you, I would *Chide* you heartily for being so over-venturous to hazard your Letter by the *Common Carrier* ; But by good fortune my Fingers were the first that *ravish'd* its Seal : I am here amongst some friends, who will by no means hear of my *Departure*, though I earnestly begg *dismission* every day; You know my *affection* to you, Nor shall any thing be of force, either to *alter* or *diminish* it. But as you love me let me prevail with you to send no more *Letters*; For you are not ignorant to what misery I shall be exposed in case my *Father* take the least notice of our Loves, who bears so great an *aversion* to you : I shall be in Town within *Three Weeks*, No *perswasion* shall retard me longer : In the mean time rest assured you have the *Heart* of

Your truly loving, . . . O.

An

An obliging Answer to her Servants first Address.

Sir!

I Received *Yours*, and acknowledge my self obliged for the *good will* you therein testify towards me, which *I* must interpret as the ordinary Effects of your *Courtesie*, since *I* can no way pretend to have *deserved* it : However, *I* assure you *I* esteem as a great *Honour* the friendship of all Civil Virtuous Persons, amongst whom *I* number *You*, and therefore must subscribe my self,

Your Servant,

D. P.

A.

An answer out of the Countrey.

Dear Cousen!

Amongst the various Delights which the Countrey yields this Springing Season, when Nature cloaths all her productions in their greatest *Bravery*, I have met with none equal with that which the receipt of your *Letter* brought me : That Soul must certainly be worse than *Savage*, that could deny a Cordial Welcom to an Affection so Real, and exprest in such *obliging languages*; Believe me, I am so *ravish'd* with the Contents, that whensoever I apprehend *Melancholy* begin to invade me, whereunto the want of your pleasant Society often renders me obnoxious, I have instantly recourse to those *endearing Lines* for Cure, which soon Charm away those *dull thoughts*, by putting me in mind I have no reason to be *sad* as long as I retain so fair a place in your *Memorie* and Affection : Pardon me therefore Dear *Cousen!* if I be importunate with you to continue my happiness by *frequent writing*, which kindness, with other *numberless* favours, I shall never cease to acknowledge, whilst I have *breath*, but to pronounce me,

Your most affectionate Kinswoman,

A. N.

To her Servant.

Sir !

After the Receipt of Yours, I had for some time fixt my resolution on Silence, as not knowing what Answer to give you, and do now send you this only to gratify your *Importunity*, which yet can only assure you of the small ability I have to satisfy your request : You know you are to address your self to *others*, to whom *Nature* renders my Obedience, *Duty*, Yet I beseech you *believe* I esteem my self obliged for your *good will*, and in requital of your *Civility* Subscribe my self,

Your Servant,

E.B.

One Lady desiring another to bring her acquainted with a Third.

Madam!

THough naturally I come with no small Reluctance to deliver *Petitions*, and make *Requests*; Yet I feel no Effect of that *Aversion*, when I am obliged to intreat your favours; You do them so *frankly*, and with such an excellent *Grace*, that one cannot but delight to be a *Begger* to you: And nothing afflicts me in receiving kindnesses from you, but my *inability* to retaliate them. You may imagine I write not this to no purpose, but applaud your *goodness* with design to obtain the *Effects* of it more easily, as we usually usher in our *Prayers* to Heaven with *thanksgivings*; But let me undeceive you, I have too good an Opinion of your *friendship* to use the least *artifice* in *Soliciting*, when any occasions present themselves, I make my requests to you with more *affection* than *Subtlety*, and rely more on your *Love* than my own *Rhetorick*; I hope I tell nothing that you believe not, when I assure you I am free and natural: And if that excellent Lady M.D. whom

whom you so much esteem be taken with the *simplicity* of an honest Heart that speaks *plainly*, and means *well*, I shall not despair to please her, therein lie all my advantages, and I have but that only *Charm* can touch her. I have now given you the Subject of my Letter, you may please to remember, you promised to make me happy with her *acquaintance*, And if I demand this favour somewhat *importunately*, 'tis only after you have done me the Honour to offer it, 'Twere to *misprize* your Judgement, or proclaim my self insensible not to be passionately desirous to know a Person whom you repute so worthy : There are others might help me to this acquaintance, but I am willing to imploy the most Noble, and most advantageous for my self, hoping that being presented by *You*, she will not examine my Defects, but believe what I am by your esteem; yet need you not fear, that when she finds in me so little worthy her notice or your *Recommendation* i cannot at all reflect on you ; For I perswade my self her *excellent Nature* is such, that if she perceive those of whom you speak to her, are owners of any *good qualities*, she will applaud your *Judgement*; if otherwise, she will commend your *goodness*, and so refer what she cannot ascribe to *one virtue*, unto

another ; I freely acknowledge yo have already obliged me beyond all *expression* as well as *Requital*, and that I must remain all my life time your Debtor for the good Offices formerly done me, so that you may admire my Confidence in asking this so boldly, but the continual Repetition of your undeserved favours hitherto, hath created a presumption in me, that you will deny nothing to any one that is so *passionately* as I am,

Your most humble and

affectionate Servant,

M. S.

The Answer.

Madam !

I Must implead you as highly *criminal* if you are in the least nice or scrupulous to Command me, for you cannot deprive me of occasions to serve you, without *robbing* me of the greatest part of my Content and Satisfaction, who am obliged to it by *Two* of the strongest Charms in the world, *Inclination* and *Duty* ; This is so far from the least tincture of *Complement*, that *dying*
men

men pronounce not their last words with more sincerity : I beseech you therefore believe it , especially on such an occasion, where my pains will be no less Honourable to my self, than advantageous to you, and wherein my *Interest* goes hand in hand with your request; for when you desire I should bring you acquainted with Madam D. I know you ask nothing which to her will not be exceeding grateful: I shall receive thanks on both sides, and acquire Reputation in the world, by shewing the Interest I have in two such Persons as are justly esteemed the wonders of our Age : Yet judge not of her by my Report, but by her Merit, which is the Cause of it ; When you have seen her, I am confident you will be apt to accuse me for saying too little in her praise, till you consider that I am very well excusable, though I have not exprest all her rare qualities, since she is Mistress of so great a number, that to recite them would require a *Volumn* : I must be just, and say the same to her on your behalf, and refer both to a more particular acquaintance ; This I dare Predict, she will soon find your *modestie* injures your other *Excellencies* to say there is nothing Amiable in you but *Simplicitie*, that *charming quality* you call so, is so far from being a Defect of Mind in you, that

'tis only a *generous freedom*, which delights in an *undisguised* Conversation, and storm the gay discredit of empty Complements, A *Solid honesty*, which serves for a foundation to all Virtues, and without which, there would never be any assurance in *Society* or *Commerce*. For my own part, I can never be friends with any that are enemies to Sincerity, there being nothing so contrary to my humour, as *Deceit*, and nothing so *pure and natural*, as my Affection, but especially *that* which I have to be,

Ever yours,

K.W.

With a Present.

Madam!

With this I send you an inconsiderable *Present*, so far below your *desert*, and my Obligations; that it can only let you know I have a will to be thankful; *Favours* are *Debts*, and I can no way make Satisfaction for yours; Accept therefore I beseech you of this, with my *thanks* for *Interest*, Thanks are only Security, until Kindnesses can be requited with the like: And though you did me the Honour to express

express your Affection to this present, by
requesting what you might have *commanded*,
yet therein you have done both your self
and me a Courtesy; for now though I offer
an *unworthy*, yet I am sure, 'tis no *unwelcom*
Sacrifice; And indeed (*Madam*) besides the
declaration of your Mind, I had no ground
to hope for Acceptance, but only that you
are my most approved Friend, and I

Madam !

Your most obliged Servant,

K. W.

K 4

Directions



*Directions for the Indicting,
Writing, and Superscri-
bing Letters.*

Well might the prudence of *Anti-*
ents comprehend all Learning
under the name of *Letters*, since
there is no part of it, but may
in that familiar way be treated of, and that
this *friendly intercourse* of the Pen, hath
been a principal means to promote Science
in the World, and raise Mankind out of the
depths of Ignorance and *roughness* of Bar-
barism to the greatest *Gentilesses*, *courtships*,
and *civilities*; Infomuch, that Letters may
not improperly be stiled, the *Souls Embas-*
sadors, the *Minds Interpreters*, the cement
of *Socitie*, the *Foundation and Superstructure*
of *Friendship and conversation*, the *remedie*
of *Absence*, the chief *Antidote* of *Oblivion*,
the general *Agents* of all *Inclinations* and
Passions, which lay the *Plots*, and carry on
the *Designs* of united hearts at the greatest
distances, which unlocks our breasts with
silence,

silence, and Let in our friends though never so remote into our bosom, which deliver and *disburden* the Mind of all those thoughtful pangs and intruding cares, that through the abience of an affected Object, or other occasion, may happen to oppress it; By these *Grandees*, signify their awful pleasures to their inferior Ministers, and *Lovers* kindly entertain each other with *indearing Testimonies* of Affection without danger of being spied by *jealous Eys*, or dreading the treachery of *Eves-dropping ears*; By these without noise, or publick notice without Blushing, or undertaking long *Journeys*, we Chide, congratulate, advise, dissuade, Importune, Intreat, Threaten, and in brief, may dispatch all the concerns of *business* or Civility, Commerce, or Conversation.

How requisite therefore, a competent Skill and Dexterity in managing the Pen, and apt composing these so useful Missives, must needs be to all Persons, is easily Obvious to the most Pur-blind Capacity, since the necessity of conversing one with another, obliges every one with occasions more or less to intermeddle with, and stand in need of it; And since to perform it *handsomly* one ought to have good *Precepts* to guide one, as well as *Examples* to imitate; we have thought fit for the gratifying

rifying what we can such ingenious Spirits, whose unhappy Education or Inexperience have left them defective herein, to adjoyn certain brief Directions, for which we have *consulted* the best Authors, and which if heedfully observ'd, may with a little practice and wary imitation of good Presidents, soon facilitate their endeavours towards perfection, and *adapt* their Pens with a graceful, quaint, and fluent Style, than which scarce any other quality can render them more accomplisht.

Of Composing or Indicting Letters.

THE First things to be considered of, when you set down to write a Letter is the *occasion*, or the nature of your Subject and Business, whether it be of Advice, Intreaty, Recommendation, Excuse, Thanks, Love, Complement, or whatsoever else it be, according to each persons particular Concerns, since every thing that can be discoursed of, or spoken to a friend present, may, (if discretion dare run the hazzard of miscarrying) be written to him in his absence.

The

The well ordering the Parts of your Letter, will chiefly flow from a due respect, to understand the Persons to whom you write, And weigh what will be received with greatest attention and pleasure, what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will imprint most satisfaction, and leave the Sweetest Relish in their minds; proceeding still so naturally, that each Clause may as it were give the Cue to the other, and seem to be *bespoken* ere it come; This orderly Contrivance (like the Poets *Promethean* Fire) will Inspirit your writing, which otherwise will appear disjointed, flat, and languishing; Some have advis'd strongly to imagine the Person we write to, present; and then to set down in our Letter what we would say to him if he were by; This Project, though it may not a little conduce to our writing pertinently, and keep our Pen from wandering into Extravagancies; Yet I conceive there cannot but be expected much more exactness in a Letter where the writers Genius is supposed to have been assisted with leisure, and the Examen of his Eyes, than in a transient verbal Discourse, where one happy Expression may make Attonement for a number of Solœcismes; 'Tis true, the Style and Phrase of a Letter ought not
to

to be too Elaborate or Over-strain'd, yet it usually begins, and is ushered in with some handsom, but brief Complement, to insinuate into their favour to whom 'tis directed; especially when 'tis the Messenger of any Important Affair : In others of less Moment, and between Persons of mean Quality, the best way is, presently to fall roundly to the Matter; But when the Subject is only Ceremony or Complement, we are allow'd a greater Latitude to supply the barrenness of Matter, with the Smoothness of Language, and curious Embroideries of Fancy; And indeed all Letters require so much Elegance and Grace, as may invite the Reader to peruse them with some Consideration and delight, and render them free from all both Barbarous and Improper Words and Phrases.

You are always to remember, that Brevity is a necessary quality in Letters, which must not be Treatises, or Volumes, but Concise and Thrifty of words; To which purpose you must examine the clearest passage of your understanding, and through them convey the Sweetest and most Significant Expressions you can invent, that so you may the easier reach anothers Fancy, and write full smoothly and distinctly, the foundation of Eloquence consists in this
discreet

discreet Choice of apt words, which (like Cloaths) though they were first invented for *Necessity*, do also serve for *Ornament*; This convenient brevity is usually attained by cashiering all *tedious prefaces*, unnecessary *Protestations*, long *Parentbeses*, wanton *Circuits of Figures* and *Digressions*, by omitting *Conjunctions*, as, *Not only, but also; the one, the other; whereby it comes to pass*, and such like idle *Particles*; By suddain breaking off *Sentences* with a short *Line*, Thus ——— when the Reader cannot but imagine what else might have been said to that purpose; Some there are that use a ridiculous briefness of *parts*, which makes the *whole* insufferably long; As the *Parson* that told his Friend this Story; *I got up, made me ready, hastened to the water side, took a pair of Oars, they lanch'd out, rowed apace, cross'd over, landed me at Lambeth, I went to my Lord Archbishops House; askt for him, was admitted, &c.* All this brief tediousness is but, *I went to Lambeth, and spake with his Grace*; We ought also to beware our *Periods* be not so overstretch'd as to put our *Correspondents* out of breath, before they arrive at the end of a *Sentence*, and to have a special regard to the apt *cadency* of the words, that in the whole *contexture* of the *Period*, nothing sound *harsh* or *gaping*,
but

but run roundly and *Enchant* the Ear with an *exact Harmony* in the Close; To which which purpose you should read it over *aloud* to your self, that so you may the better be able both to judge of, and amend it; Another property of an *Epistolary stile* is *plainness*, we must not treat our friends with *Enigma's*, nor perplex their Brains with dark ambiguities like a *Delphick Oracle*; To which the last mentioned quality is not seldom apt to betray us, unless regulated by Discretion; Brevity by affectation of wit, or ostentation of some strange terms of Art, being oft times *ill-Angled* for; Few words darken Speech, and so do too many, as excess of Light hurts the Eys as well as too little, and a tedious *Chancery Bill* confounds the understanding no less than the *curtest Note*; In Fine, as you are not to put Riddles of Wit, by being too *niggardly* of your words, so neither must you cause the trouble of *making Breviats* by writing too *wastfully*; Pen not your Letter, as if you were drawing up a *Statute*, but avoid (as Rocks and Shelves) all *Tautologies* (a *Greek word for Presbyterian Repetitions*) unnecessary expressions and empty Inflation, which may best be done by often reflecting on your business, and distinctly understanding your self, by examining your Conceptions,

ceptions, and exposing them to the *Light and Judgement* of your outward Senses; First *mind* your business exactly, then *write* down your Thoughts, and *examine* how they appear when cloath'd in words: Last of all, *correct* them, and (if *Nature* have not been very unkind unto you) you need not despair of writing *accurately*.

We do not intend under this charge of *Plainness* to oblige you to so curious an order, as to reply to a Letter, as if you were to answer *Interrogatories*; *To the first, first; to the second secondly*. But rather to use (as *Ladies* in their Dress) a diligent kind of negligence; For then doth *Art* appear in its most perfect Glory, when it can scarce be distinguish'd from *Nature* her self; Nor are you to go out of your way on purpose to *hedge* in the perfum'd *moding Terms* of the Time; As, *to value ones self upon such a thing, to acquiesce, to incommode, to cajole, to find out the Intregue, to engage in Amour, &c.* We must not press words into Service, but only use them when they come in *Voluntiers*, and naturally offer themselves in their proper places, as others; For the most curious Terms without solidity of matter and pertinency to the things treated of, become vain and absurd; The *Excellency of Language*, consisting not so much

in affectation of words new brought home by conceited Travellers, as in the new (yet significant) *Translation* to our purpose of those that are already received, and in far-fetcht (but withal apt instructive & comely) *Metaphors and Similitudes*.

Another *Observable* requisite in a Letter (which is therefore fit to conclude, because it doth include the rest) Is respect to decency; To consider what befits your self, and those to whom you write, and your present occasion, that freedom which is grateful to ones *Equal*, will be esteemed *sawciness* by ones *Superior*, and what your *familiar* takes very well, to a *stranger* may be rude and offensive; We are not to expect that *Ambergreece Language* from a *Countrey Squire*, as from a *perfect Courtier*; Nor must we treat *Young Ladies* with profound Discourses of *Philosophy*, or grate their delicate Eares with the harsh terms of *Fustian Phrases* of of the Schools, 'tis no small happiness to be able to discern your Interest in those to whom you make your *Addresses*, how far you may be longer or shorter, more *familiar* or *submiss*, and by their Capacities to know how to accommodate one style to their Apprehensions and humours, to be fuller or more sparing of conceits of Wit and Learning, according as the *Pole* of their understanding

standing is more or less *elevated*; for want of this consideration several *Persons* (otherwise of excellent parts) daily render themselves both in their common *Discourse*, and Epistolary Dispatches obnoxious to the *Lampoons* and *Drollery* of each talkative shallow *Buffoon*; Let therefore Prudence guide our hand when ever we write, that we may do it suitable to the matter, without which we shall make our selves both *odious* and *ridiculous*; The truth is, there is a certain *Briskness* and *Gayety* of Humor, wherewith some Pens being indued, will make each Line of their Letters *sparkle*, and maze the Reader to think, what 'tis that so *captivates* his *liking*; And though with some *grave* Persons or *sower* Tempers, or on some *sad* or *solemn* occasions, you are not to *jest*, or practice *Capricies* of wit, yet the delivery of most important matters may be carried with such an easie *Grace*, as may both *tickle* the fancy of the Reader, and yield a *Retreation* to the Writer; For every thing is *big with Jest*, if we have but the wit to find it out, and the discretion seasonably to apply it; But to this *nature* contributes most, which if we go about to force or *strain*, we run into the danger of committing a thousand gross *absurdities*.

To conclude As the *finishing* of most works is the most distinct part of them, being that which crowns them with perfection, so are you to account it no small piece of your skill to *come off handsomly* in the close of your Letter, and avoid those abrupt thredbare Hackney conclusions; *Thus I rest, So I remain, Thus I take my leave*; It being a principal *Grace* where Occasion is ingeniously and aptly taken to make the *Subscription* seem naturally emergent from the precedent matter; as,

If ought else may help to express how zealous I am for your advantage, I must charge you with unkindness if you scruple to command it from

Yours in all that a sincere

affection can promise & perform,

H. C.



Of the Mode or Form of Writing and Superscribing Letters.

WHat *Action* is in Speech, the same is *Writing* in a Letter; And though every one cannot attain to Perfection therein, yet ought it at least be *legible*, so fairly written as not to tire the Readers Eyes; To be *true English*, set off with fair large *Margins*, and duly pointed with *Comma* (,) *Colon* (:) *Semicolon* (;) *Period* (.) *Parentheses* () *Interrogation* (?) and *Admiration* (!) *Points*, as the Matter requires, whereof yet the *Colon* and *Semicolon* are seldom exactly observed, but *Apostroph's* are much in fashion, which is only the cutting off a Syllable or Vowel for brevity sake, as *advanc'd*, *constrain'd*, for *advanced*, *constrained*; *'Tis*, *that's*, for *it is*, *that is*, &c.

As to the *Form* of writing Letters we are to regard the *Superscription*, and *Subscription*.

The Superscription is *Internal* or *External*; The first, is that used at the beginning in a Line apart by it self, wherein 'tis not customary to set down the Persons Name we write to, but some Title, as *Madam!* *Sir!* &c. Also observe, that when you would shew much Respect, you must leave a great distance between such Title, and the first Line of your Letter, as,

Madam!

I have received your Commands, &c.

To those with whom you are more familiar, you may almost joyn them together, as,

Coz,

I understand by your Letter, &c.

The other Superscription, is the *Direction* on the outside of Letters when folded up, which when sent to Persons of Quality should be *large* folded, and a distance left between the first Line and the second according to the *Respect* you intend to pay them, as,

To

*To the Right Honourable the Countess
of D. at her House in
Drury-Lane,
London,*

*These,
Humbly present.*

The Subscription is at the lower end of your Letter, wherein also in writing to Persons of Quality, we leave a great distance from the Body of the Letter, and usually insert, *My Lord! Madam! Sir!* or *Mrs.* in a mean space between them, as

Desiring nothing more than to live and die,

Madam!

Your most obedient and

devoted Servant,

*Forms of Superscriptions to all
sorts of People.*

• *To the King.*

To his Sacred,
or
Most Excellent } *Majesty,*

The like to the *Queen* with due alteration.

The Title usually applyed to a *Duke*, is,
His Grace; But if he be the Kings *Son* or
Brother, or near of *Blood-Royal*; then *His*
Highness, as,

To the most Illustrious Prince, His Royal
Highness J. Duke of Y.

Otherwise,
To the most Noble, or, most Excellent Prince,
Or,
To the High and Noble.

To a *Marquess*.

To the Right Noble, and Right Honourable.

And in Discourse, his *Lordship*, or *Honour*.
To an *Earl*, *Viscount*, or *Baron*.

To the Right Honourable.
And beginning a Letter, we say

May it please your Honour or Lordship!

Or,

Right Honourable.

Or,

My Lord!

Which *last* must be used by Persons of equal Degree, or at least of very good Quality, for otherwise 'tis accounted too familiar.

To a Baronet, or Knight of the Bath.

To the Honourable, or Much Honoured.

And his Attribute in the beginning of a Letter may be,

Much Honoured Sir!

To a Knight of old was,

To the Right Worshipful.

To an Esquire.

To the Worshipful.

But these are much disus'd, unless by Persons of very inferior Ranks; And we now commonly say,

To my Noble, or much Honour'd Friend

Sir J. R. Knight.

To an Esquire.

To my much Honour'd, Or, his most Worthy Friend T. F. Esquire.

Observing not to write *Mr. T. F. Esquire*, for the *Mr.* will be ridiculous, *Esquire* including it.

Note also, that a Lord, Knight, or meaner Man by Birth being made *General* of an Army, obtains the Title of *His Excellency*.

A Lieutenant, or Major General, is,
Right Honourable.

A Collonel *Honourable*, and in Discourse,
Your Honour.

A Captain, *Noble*; or *Right Worshipful.*

Ladies have (for the most part) the same
Titles with their *Husbands*, both in Letters
and Discourse we give a *Dutchess*,
the Title of *Her Grace.*

To a Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess,
or Baroness, *Right Honourable.* And in
Discourse, *Your Honour!* And more familiarly,
Madam! which Title is very
moding both at the beginning and end of
Letter to any of them; But if the Person
writing, be of much lower Rank, it
will be decent to say,

May it please your Honour!

All the Daughters of Dukes, Marquesses,
and Earls, are *Ladies* by Birth, and are
called *Lady Anne, Lady Mary, &c.* And
if one of these Marry an inferior Person,
she shall not loose her Title of *Right
Honourable*; for Birth confers an *Inde-
libile* Character.

*In writing familiar Letters, there
are sundry varieties, which
Ingenuity will properly apply.*

As for Superscriptions.

To the most accomplisht,

Or,

Truly Virtuous.

To his most Honour'd,

Much Respected,

Valued, or

Esteemed

} Friend.

To the incomparable.

To the Glory of her Sex,

To the fair hands of,

*At the beginning of Letters these offer
themselves.*

Honour'd Sir!

Worthy Sir!

Dear Sir!

Dear Friend,

Madam!

Dearest Dear!

{ Dear Lady!

{ Most Honour'd Sir!

{ Dear Madam!

{ Fairest!

{ Cruel Beauty!

{ Sweet Madam!

*These Subscriptions are usual to great
Persons,*

Your Excellences

most humbly devoted Servant,

Your

Your Graces,
 or,
 Honours

most faithful and obedient Servant.

Your Worships

most humble and faithful Servant.

In familiar Letters,

Your assured Friend.

Your most
 affectionate,
 Faithful,
 or
 Obligated

Friend and Servant.

Your eternally engaged Servant.

Sincerely, unreservedly, & unalterably yours.

Thine everlastily.

Yours whilst I am C. B.

Your faithful, though contemned Servant.

Between Relations.

From a Son to a Father.

Honour'd Sir !

Your most dutiful and obedient Son.

A Daughter in Law to her Mother.

Your loving and most obedient Daughter.

From an Uncle.

Dear Cousen !

or,

Nephew !

Your most affectionate Uncle.

From

From a Husband.

Your most affectionate Husband till death.
From a Wife.

Dear Heart !

Your faithful and loving Wife.
From a Servant.

Your most obedient and faithful Servant.

Note, when *Relations* write to each other (being persons of Rank,) 'tis held, That the greater as *Father* or *Aunt* may well express the *Degree* of Kindred in the *beginning* of their Letter; but those of meaner Quality, as *Son* or *Niece*, must be contented only to specify it in the *Subscription*.

F I N I S.



*Books sold by Henry Million at
the Sign of the Bible in Fleet-
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